

PUNCH AUGUST 3 1960

VOL. COXXII

Punch

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Life's simple pleasures

Some time ago we wrote a booklet called 'The Joys of Travel' but we did not include among them a reference to cycling. We had our reasons. For consider: you set out on your bicycle for the next village, a happy and contented man. The road twists and winds but sooner or later (if you live in our kind of country) it begins to climb. And there, at the very point where you most need the support and comfort of the machine, you must give *your* support and comfort to *it*. You must get off and push. You become heated. And embittered. You wonder what possessed you to buy the thing. And you are just considering the propriety of leaving it for ever in some secluded ditch, when you reach the summit. In a trice, the picture changes. With a hop and a swing, you're away. The hedges fly past in a blur of green. The road flows effortlessly beneath your spinning wheels. You swoop and you swerve. You're Man no longer: you're Superman . . . on a bicycle. It won't last, of course; there's sure to be another hill ahead. But that booklet of ours *did* last — through five years and several editions; and the new edition, just published, is almost a set book for everybody travelling further afield than the next village. May we send you a copy?



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PUNCH

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The London Charivari

AUGUST Bank Holiday was certainly a revel of sorts, a statutory holiday but one with a pretty uninspiring name. Boxing Day, Easter Monday, Whit Monday may equally be holidays under the Act but the sound of them is a reminder of the feast days of Merrie England. This year August Bank Holiday fell on the first of the month, Lammastide. Why shouldn't it always be known as Lammas Monday? Then it would remind us not merely of bank clerks laying down their pens at the behest of the late Lord Avebury but of wheaten loaves and cornfields turned over to pasture. British Travel Association please note.

Soup and Fish and Fur

IT is tonic news that American tailors are putting fur lapels on dinner-jackets, or rather tuxedos; anything that makes the mind boggle gets my support. What delicate problems they must have to solve. What is the right fur for a sky-blue jacket with gold

Spot the Fiend

MY notice was attracted by a Sunday paper headline "Could you spot a killer on holiday?" This turned out to be advertising a new "Famous Crimes" series—a disappointment, as I had assumed it heralded a



competition: reprieved and released murderers would skulk about seaside promenades and hand out prizes to challengers who carried a copy of the paper. I suppose to use murderers on the run would be contempt of court and to use undetected murderers might give offence to the police. How much romance is destroyed by reading beyond the headlines.



braid? Should a Vice-President of General Motors wear wild mink? Should the heads be left on? It must be the strongest stimulus to non-rut thinking in the clothing trade since the phosphorescent sock.

Caterpillars of the Commonwealth

IHASTEN to add my contribution to the recent outbreak of news about Lord Home. He is a keen lepidopterist, or so I am assured by my most sensitive colleague, who once not only shared a roof with Lord Home but a room with Lord Home's black hair-streak caterpillars. The butterflies of this caterpillar are rare, but the caterpillars can be found in profusion on certain bushes in certain coves in

Oxfordshire; you just shake them off and put them into a bell-jar. There were about sixty in the jar in the room when my colleague went to sleep. Unfortunately they tend to eat one another, especially in the crowded conditions of a bell-jar. There were about seven when my colleague woke up. They had been munching each other all night. I do not know whether Lord Home's grasp of such a symbolic natural event would outweigh the disadvantage of his being a peer, but I do know that it says a lot for his diplomacy that this all took place in another guest's bedroom.

Impolite Applause

M R. VAN CLIBURN, bright new star of the classical pianoforte, raised hysteria the other day among a thousand Russian teenagers who stampeded down the aisles of the Lenin Sports Palace and lashed him with bouquets. Cool cats on this side of the curtain are muttering darkly about Eastern decadence.

Yes, We Have No Machine-Guns

IT seems not so very long ago that the United States could afford to regard lightly any threats from Tegucigalpa. Honduras itself had never seemed to be a really formidable power in the Western Hemisphere. It therefore gave me quite a turn to read a U.S. Federal Aviation Agency radio operator's report from Swan Island (approx. 17° 25'N, 83° 55'W), in the Caribbean, that thirteen unarmed Hondurans in a banana boat had landed there, taken a census of the forty or so F.A.A. employees and natives, sung the Honduran anthem, raised the Honduran flag, and annexed the place. My last vestige of complacence was destroyed by a single glance at the atlas. Swan Island is clearly the ideal base from which to launch an unarmed invasion of Rosario Bank. After that, what's to save Mysterious Bank? Grand Cayman? Noël Coward? Ian Fleming?

Give them Air!

CAN nothing be done about the kiss-and-blow method of artificial respiration? Medical authorities endorse it, but its practice is so embarrassing—you have to kiss the subject and blow air into his, or her, mouth—that no one can be taught its use. It looks as though

the next time we need artificial respiration we shall get a lot of untrained first-aid men kissing and blowing all over us as erratically as teenagers after a party, and all for the lack of a little immorality. Perhaps film extras, who are used to being kissed in all sorts of circumstances, could be persuaded to act as subjects if they were paid full union rates.

Swimmer Denies Buoyancy Fraud

WILL the idea of a splint for Griffin's bowling arm catch on and spread? A weighted boot might cure Tayfield of all that toe-tapping. What about a hair-net of fine mesh wire for Trueman? Surgical device suppliers are expecting peak business as British Olympic competitors prepare for Rome.

Zebras in Hampshire

WITH all this continuing fuss about the New Forest ponies, which keep damaging motor cars by getting themselves run over, I have been expecting somebody to agitate for a revival of the experiment tried out in the blackout of late 1939. This was to paint the ponies in black and white stripes, like zebras. One authority on the period denies that this was ever done,

but *The Times* of November 9, 1939 quotes the Clerk to the New Forest Verderers Court as saying that the experiment was indeed tried, but had to be abandoned because, among other reasons, the foals refused to go near their camouflaged parents. A better idea might be to paint stripes on motor cars.

Cold Chimera

AFTER much condemnation of the "ice cream lobby," the Lords ended up by doubting whether it existed, thus dispersing in the public mind a sinister picture of barons and bishops being debauched by choc-bars on their way to the Chamber. I have a feeling that there are enough dubious conspiracies in the world without conjuring up imaginary ones, and if the Establishment and the Elders of Zion could some day follow the ice cream lobby into oblivion it would be a great help. I find it increasingly hard to believe in the Disciplinary Committee of the Tomato and Cucumber Board, but the newspapers assure me it does exist.

These Desirable Properties

NOW that more and more television screen time is being occupied by animals, Equity must be getting alarmed. Eventually they will obviously have to sign animals up; there is unlikely to be anything in the rules to restrict membership to Man. So far the B.B.C. and the commercial people have had everything their own way; few animals have agents. It cannot be long before some of the keener minds in Show Business realize what gold is running to waste. Mr. Larry Parnes has said that he is moving on from training a stable of rock-and-rollers to other fields of entertainment and my guess is he will soon be running a private zoo filled with photogenic otters, golden eagles and Portuguese men-of-war.

Home Rumours Firm

THE Premier starts his round of General Post
And frustrate ghost succeeds to frustrate ghost.
Amory, make way for Lloyd
And Lloyd—for whom? he asks the void,
And echo answers "Home."

—MR. PUNCH



"No, no last-minute invites to see a democracy at work abroad, dear, so it'll have to be the fortnight at Margate."

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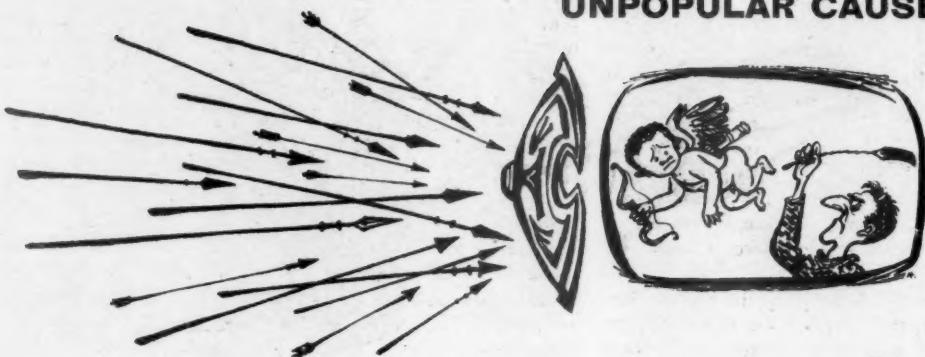
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ANY MORE FOR THE SPYLARK?

UNPOPULAR CAUSES



In Defence of CELIBACY

by *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

ONE of the strangest popular misconceptions about love (for which, together with the common cold, some hero will one day come up with a perfectly simple cure) is that all the world loves a lover. Troilus came to no good, every man's hand turned against Romeo, Antony stayed up too late indulging in drolleries such as dissolving pearls in wine and muffed all his battles, and Abelard—that was a nasty business and let's give it no more than a pale passing thought, just as a reminder of the sort of risk involved. As for Don Juan (who was loathed by practically everybody and went straight to hell in the middle of a pleasant dinner) and Casanova, it is now pretty well established that they were little more than a couple of maladjusted neurotics grotesquely overcompensating, and love never entered the picture at all. Literature down the ages is haunted by the spectres of wretched young men mooning about in defeated attitudes or, worse, being fed poison-eel pie or its equivalent by their fiancées, and distracted girls running mad in white satin. Nobody ever dared pretend they were having a good time.

The wise and still innocent child, brought up on good fierce documentary fairy-stories and Greek myths, soon cottons on to the fact that love leads to many an unpleasant predication and odious task, such as having to climb up glass mountains and dance on swords. It may entail wintering in Hades, or rape by swans and golden showers and other unlikely agents, or an interminable holiday in Troy with a lot of hostile prospective in-laws, or matricide, suicide, blinding, and general domestic unrest and low spirits. Marriage as a means of social advancement and financial security—kitchen-maid marries prince, simpleton marries princess—is another thing altogether, and in no way to be confused with the terrors of romantic love.

The Welsh, an open-eyed, cautious lot on the whole, have a charming and ominous legend which is a useful example of how to explain to the young just what it is best to avoid. It

concerns a young man wandering without a care in the world through some nice wood on a bright spring morning, who meets, by astonishing chance, an enticing girl with yellow hair and sound statistics. She trips ahead with many an inviting glance; he, poor lad, reckoning this to be the real thing at last, briskly follows. After soldiering on a few miles, he grows understandably querulous and gives the lady closer study. Under the hem of her custom-built ball-gown he spies not dainty winklepickers but two sturdy little cloven hooves. As I remember it, the boy turns smartly for home, gets voted on to the board of half a dozen companies, organizes one or two quiet gambling soireés, and really joins in the boom with a will. There is every evidence that he lives happily ever after.

Love causes spots, insomnia, over-population, excessive drinking to while away the time and counteract insecurity, overweight caused by neurotic indulgence in munching up gift-box chocolates, over-spending on long-distance calls at peak hours and dinners in ruinous little restaurants, and overcrowding at Capri, Venice and Brighton. Love is also closely attended by breach of promise, fathers with horse-whips, and contempt of court. Love leads to those dispiriting conversations that begin "You're using your home like an hotel," "I've been thinking things over a bit lately . . .", "Is there anything *worrying* you?" and "There's something I ought to tell you." Love causes irreparable havoc between man and wife and, with often more permanent loss, man and secretary. It is not love, as Galileo kept patiently explaining, that makes the world go round, but it keeps a good many jewellers, house-agents, hairdressers, dressmakers, fortunetellers, novelists, cosmetic manufacturers, witch-doctors, lawyers and private detectives in business. Whether or not you think this is a good thing depends on whether you are personally involved in the buying or the selling angle.

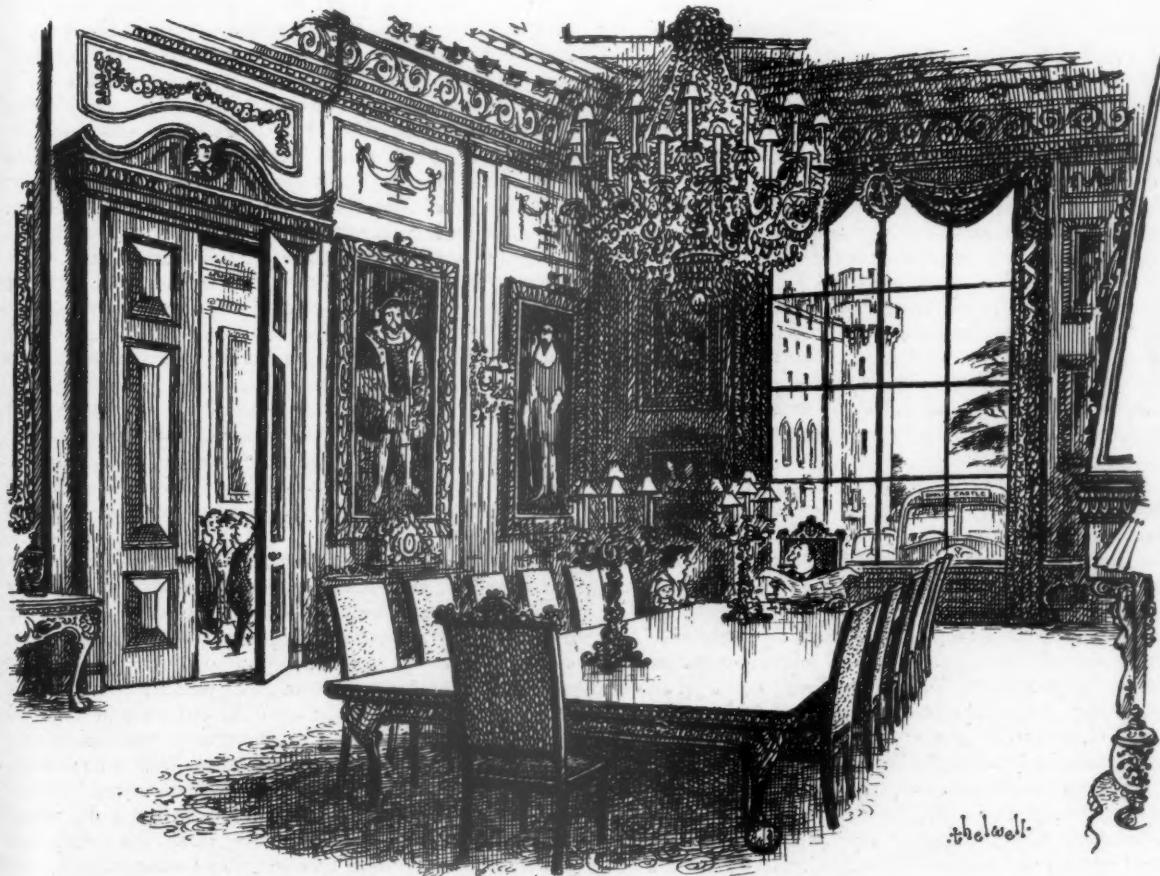
In England, even a sane, forward-looking, trend-setting community, love survives only in pop songs (and where you

can make out the words through the judder, it's more or less made clear that the whole thing is a sorry business anyway), folk-literature in which girls with glasses marry honest architects, musical comedies, discredited plays with french windows, martinis and jokes, and advertising. The right kind of toothpaste, lipstick, deodorant, cigarette, detergent, car, scent, soap, pudding-mix, floor polish and tinned soup can all lead inexorably to love, but it is perfectly simple to use your head and pick the brands that will ensure you a long life and a pension, or concentration in the office, or immunity against scurvy and King's Evil. No one's forcing you, after all.

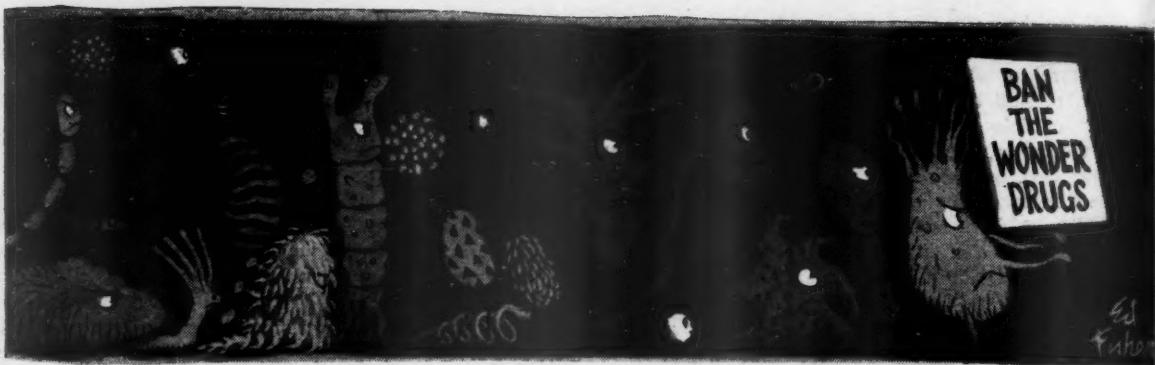
You still find love hanging about a bit in novels, but mostly in lusty epics about the court of the Sun King, or Regency farragos featuring mad little minxes with heart-shaped faces and sunshine curls. The modern drama, I am happy to say, has got the whole thing absolutely straight. You've got these mad tramps and domestic non-communication on the one hand, and on the other that evergreen old

classic about how love can all too easily lead to ironing in your slip in floods while others shout and wave Sunday newspapers about. Either way, it's clear that love is out except in the muddled minds of those managements that constantly underestimate the intelligence of the public and have not yet caught up with changing taste and widespread discrimination.

The English Way of Life, which gives rise to civilization as we know it, aspires to the condition of celibacy, and in its highest form might in fact be called the Bachelor Ideal. In Latin countries, where the idea of passionate love is believed to be still more or less rife, it is well known that men are compulsively driven to buy symbolic Vespas without silencers and indulge in any amount of absenteeism by reminiscing moodily in cafés, while women are either locked away or prematurely aged by hanging about outside cafés and never being asked to take a seat. Those of us who have not experienced this at first hand, know about it from the movies. Enlightened first-class British films now deal mostly with



"Excuse me! Do we have to serve ourselves?"



jokes, trades unions, hospitals and Oscar Wilde, leaving T. E. Lawrence so far for America. It's been years since boy met girl (unless her father was the managing director and the theme was a study in class-warfare), except in Disney nature films, and if ever there was a stronger argument for the quiet, reflective celibate life than *Suddenly Last Summer* I can't think of it off-hand.

England honours her born bachelors, of whom the finest example was Henry VIII, a man held in tenderest memory by the English who feel immediate sympathy for one of nature's clubmen unhappily born before clubs were invented. (It is significant too that he is about the only English monarch the names—indeed the existence—of whose wives anyone can recall, on account of his gallant fight to make England fit for bachelors to live in.) Other national heroes include Charles II, a wholly delightful man who could never understand why everyone couldn't jog along together, and Byron, who was frequently irritated beyond measure by women playing Sardines in his broom-cupboard while he was entertaining a few friends for a drink, and messing up parties by slicing their wrists in an ostentatious manner. The finest flower of our national heritage was of course the Virgin Queen, who promoted the arts and foreign trade and produced the Elizabethan Age single-handed by immediately isolating any important case of matrimony in the Tower before the thing became an epidemic.

In England, the veritable paradise for green and pleasant bachelors, everything is done to inoculate against love right from the start, on the sound theory that prevention is better than cure. Boarding schools were founded to safeguard boys from the harmful influence of their mothers and to separate the sexes until attaining the proper age of refusal. As a natural result, many of the best type of Englishman live forever in well-appointed clubs with properly regulated and limited visiting-hours for ladies, and collect harmless therapeutic things like stamps and race-cards, while the women lead serene lives organizing local government and staying amazingly young for their age.

Admittedly there have been times when love was properly organized, kept within tidy limits, and subject to laws such as those regulating gambling and licensing hours to-day. Little was left to chance, nothing ever actually *happened*, and the socially acceptable thing was to spend a good deal of leisure time composing light verse and popular songs and dedicating them to some horsy girl you once glimpsed in the

paddock before the big joust. This method worked out very well in its way, and as a direct result society was completely free from such contemporary problems as how to equip undergraduate hostels with adequate facilities for washing and airing the nappies. The Church and the academics were celibate by order, and almost everyone else was permanently away on manoeuvres of some sort.

The terrible thing about love is the way there is nothing except income tax returns to touch it for destroying serenity. Bachelors, who can view it as an occupational hazard or hobby, live happy productive lives being asked out to many a free dinner and getting their full eight hours' sleep without having tin trains run over their faces as the dawn comes up like thunder. Husbands and fathers have a pitiful beat-up look right from the start. Nameless fears beset them, also some with clearly defined names such as do their wives love them, love them enough, love them too much, love them unselfishly, understandingly, unpossessively, articulately, and in a manner that is convincing without being conspicuous. And in no time at all they have to start suffering all over again on account of the unsuitable loves to which their children fall victim. One of the most profoundly martyred fathers in history was the long-suffering giant Yspaddaden Penkawr, father of the prettiest girl in the Mabinogion, who became so exhausted by his efforts to protect his daughter from the attentions of the sprightly knight Kilwch that he was compelled to prop open his poor jumbo eyelids with forks. It was some time ago, you'd think the lesson would have sunk in by now.

Take Hamlet now, charming witty fellow, glass of fashion and mould of form and all the rest of it, shot to pieces by love in one form or another. Marriage, he says nastily, hath made him mad. (So they whip him off to England, where everyone is in the same neurotic condition.) The other martyr to love I think worthy of a long reflective look is Ninon de Lenclos, who died at the age of 85 and must have turned over a new leaf at some point, since they inscribed, with a certain amount of feeling, on her tomb "*Elle fut renommée pour sa chasteté pendant les dernières années de sa vie.*" Which only goes to show that you can plod on along the wrong track in a heedless fashion, letting down the family and driving your best friends into desperate terms, and still come around to good sound sense just in time.

Next week : In Defence of Cannibalism, by B. A. Young

Bristol Grammar

By CYRIL JAMES

A few words from our West Regional Studio

S DEE TAWN'DYE?"

This sentence seems to be, at first blush, one of the lesser known precepts of the Koran, written in the original. In fact it is a transcription, necessarily inexact, of the Bristolian in the middle of an argument. Translated, it runs: "Are you talking to me?"

In these two words lie many of the peculiarities of the genuine Bristol dialect. Analysed, they provide a working basis for a Bristol grammar.

To take first the word "Sdee." This consists, really, of two words: "S" and "Dee." The "S" is a shortened form

of "Bist" and "Dee" is a mispronunciation of "Thee." Here, then, is the second person singular of the verb "to be"—"Thee bist." It may be as well here to give the whole of the present indicative of the verb:

I be	We'm
Thee bist	You'm
E be	Um be

The initial "H" in the third person singular "E" has not been dropped. Your true Bristolian doesn't recognize its existence. The word is "E," just as one may ave some am for tea. There never were any aitches in these words.

Indeed the letter "H" is almost superfluous. We have already seen that "Thee" is properly pronounced "Dee." What, then, you ask, of the word "whether"?

This brings up the subject of the glottal stop. The Glaswegian has brought it to a fine art, but the Bristolian has refined it to a peak of perfection. He can, and does, glottal stop words like "better" and "butter," but he goes much farther than that. Our tricky word "whether" would be pronounced "we'er," and in the opening sentence the second word provides a superb



"Back up a bit, dear, and see how it looks."



example of the glottal stop combined with elision. "Talking" has lost its "l," "k," "i" and "g" and become "tawn," and "to I" has been gently tacked on in the form "dye."

There is in Bristol a famous establishment known as the Colston Hall. But in reply to a Bristolian asking "Werse goin?" (*trans.*: "Where are you going?") the correct reply would be "Cawsnaw." No "H" required, you see—and precious little of anything else either.

You must not think that the Bristolian is a lazy or thoughtless speaker. He shows a fine culture in that he takes after the Greeks and the Romans. One remembers at school how it was explained that "eikosi," the Greek for 20, was really the same as the Latin "viginti," also meaning 20. The Latin master, challenged with the fact that the only similarity between the two words is a couple of "i"s, replied that in such matters the consonants hardly count and the vowels don't really signify. So it is with the Bristol dialect. And note further the influence of other European languages: where does the "bist" of "thee bist" come from if not from the German?

It is time to pass on to the peculiar glory of Bristol. We have seen that the most common sounds are "d," "n" and "s," but they are the mere pom-pom-pom of the accompaniment. The melody is played by the liquid "l." Most people know how Bristol got its name; that it was originally Brictstowe—place of the bridge; that the genius of

the Bristolian, and it is surely no less, gave to the word that glorious, limpid "l" which transformed it into the thing of poetry it is to-day.

Most people know these things, but do they know the full measure of the enrichment of the English language? Victorial, certainly; Indial Office, of course—instead of the hateful Indian

Office of the B.B.C. But what of tomorrow? Is not that a beautiful word? How much better it is than to-morrow, with its suggestive overtones of work to be done. Tomorrow sounds like what it is, the Bristolian's view that tomorrow is another day.

The student of Bristol now has material upon which to work. Before we set him his exercise let us take one last example of a Bristol gardener explaining simply, succinctly and with nothing but point how the vegetable garden should be treated:

"Deduswanna keep aoin onum over, ndecus sor'a watchm grow, snow." (*Trans.*: "Thou dost want to keep a hoeing of them over, and thou canst sort of watch them grow, thou dost know.")

The following exercise is only for the serious student, who should read the question carefully, using a low, guttural growl and talking at great speed, with much stress upon the "r"s.

Exercise.—Turn the following piece of beautiful Bristol prose into B.B.C. jargon:

Tomorrol's we'er. Twube we' 'n win'y wur deese be, bu' wur I be durl be some snow, snow.

Tyson—An Appreciation

By H. GRAYSON

IT is difficult to realize that Tyson has gone. As recently as last week we were working together on the draft of his latest book and I still hear the sound of his voice as he recounted one of the more outrageous examples of car worship with which, as he put it, he had got to interlard my statistics to make the damned thing readable.

Tyson's first book *Car Worship—A New Religion?* is of course standard reading now, so much so that it is surprising to reflect that it was published only six years ago.

He often recalled the experience which first gave rise to his interest in the subject. It was soon after he had moved to Surbiton and he was on his way to Communion one Sunday morning. Thinking to step into a sleeping

avenue he was alarmed to find it alive with car-washers. "The gutter," he would croak, "was a Ganges of holy water and the tins and oils were spread out as in a Dublin Christening." The realization that this was now the established religion came upon him so strongly that for the rest of his journey he felt like a druid hurrying to ancient rites in the dawn of Christianity.

As a theologian with more than an interest in sociology he knew immediately that he had found his life's work. He published within a year and made an immediate impact, particularly in America.

Some of his earliest prophecies were uncannily on the mark. It was in *Car Worship* that he first drew attention to the tendency for more garages to be

furnished with fitted carpets. Not long afterwards the ad-men took this up fairly seriously ("Spend the evening with your car") and one or two had their garages integrated with the open plan. Tyson always said that the sociological consequences of all this would be far-reaching and he ventured to suggest that it would be one more nail in the coffin of stability of marriage. He lived just long enough to see the case of *Dallow v. Dallow* decided in which, it will be recalled, a wife obtained her decree on the ground that her husband had taken to sleeping with the car.

To his larger public Tyson is the man who spotlighted the spectacular side of car worship. One calls to mind his delighted discovery of a custom-built American sedan with a radiator grill of organ pipes that played built-in hymn tunes, the Mormonomatic, and it had stained glass panoramic windows. My favourite was his discovery of the little man in Tunbridge Wells making garage ikons—and doing remarkably well out of it.

With this of course went his unerring sense of the ludicrous. Which of us does not know his story of the Hampshire vicar who was run over one Monday by a car he had blessed the day before at one of those special services for cars and owners?

The more serious part of the subject is the close similarity which has been shown to exist between some aspects of car worship and those of the orthodox religions, and here Tyson did some superb work. One remembers especially his masterly analysis of the organization of the Motor Show, demonstrating as it did its clear analogy with the annual Methuselites Conference; of the parallel he so brilliantly drew between the training of car salesmen and that of certain orders of Coptic monks and, lastly, his posthumous article in the *Theological Review* on "Showroom altars, static and revolving."

Tyson's subtlety of approach in this comparative field is well exemplified by his intense little study of the all-night Kar Sales. Tyson knew what we all know, that nobody sober buys a car between midnight and four a.m. Why then do the showrooms stay open, with lights blazing? His answer was simple but profound. No one, he explained, goes to Church in the small hours

either but the doors are not locked, because the Church is a place of refuge where a man may go to refresh himself at any hour of the day or night. So is a Kar Sales. He neatly illustrated the parallel by quoting several cases of intending suicides who had stopped at Kar Sales, sat quietly in a car for an hour or so contemplating the fascia, and then gone home to lead normal lives.

For the last year or so of his life Tyson became increasingly immersed in what he called "future trends." Indeed at the time of his death he was engaged in ferreting out the facts about the celebrated drive-in Chapel near Brighton which was about to be officially opened. I recall his distaste as he quoted from the bit in the advertising blurb which described how men in sober pinstripes would "reverently" wash and grease your car as you sat in it during devotions. His worst fear—that someone would call the place a mo-chapel—has of course been realized in this week's headlines but I doubt if even he realized how far and how quickly the idea would

develop. I refer of course to the church of a different denomination which is projected in the same area and at which, if my information is correct, it was the original intention to baptise cars by total immersion. On the other hand I am sure his sense of irony would have been tickled by the news that the promoters have got to modify their plans because of the poor quality of modern chromium plating.

It is perhaps this sense of irony which will preserve intact the serious body of his work. I do not think it unfitting to suggest that his own death in collision with a car on his way to a meeting of the Pedestrians' Association must be calling forth an occasional cackle, wherever he may be.



"Ex-Government Prefabs for Sale: size 32 ft. by 21 ft., in sectional steel framework, with double skinned heavy gauge ribbed asbestos walls: built-in steel doors and windows; fully insulated."—Advertisement in *Manchester Evening News*

Oh, then we'll lay off.

THEN AS NOW

In 1860 too the War Office decided to put the Volunteers on a firmer footing.



MR. BULL. 'INVASION, INDEED! THAT'S A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT!—WHY, TO HEAR THESE POODLES TALK, ONE WOULD THINK MY BULL-DOG WAS DEAD!"

November 12, 1859



Globe Trot

By H. A. MANHOOD

THREE he stands, six foot two, crusty brown and with a wide, fixed, totem-pole smile. A perfect example of modern youth, enterprising, dogged, fearless, a seeker in the true pioneering tradition. So he most definitely thinks. He can prove it, too. He has just hitch-hiked round the world. Take a look at these photographs; take your time, too, for they're loaded.

He hands over a grubby, broken-backed album. It is full of small photographs, many smudged and out of focus, but genuine enough. He appears in almost every one, with the same sticker-spangled knapsack, the same cut-cake smile. It was dead easy, he explained. All you had to do was take a photograph—or pretend to—of one of the natives, then get them to take one of you. Sometimes you had to promise to post a picture back but he hadn't bothered, except once to a girl in Australia.

Cost? It had cost him nothing at all really, except time. He'd odd-jobbed occasionally when the natives weren't very giving but, generally, if you explained how you'd always wanted to see the world people would give you food and money and wish you luck. He'd got lifts in every make of car you could think of: he'd even got lifts in 'planes several times. There's a picture there somewhere, taken in the Rockies. There was too, with the same grinning figure, same lumpy knapsack

and the side of a 'plane with a large letter X like a mark for a firing squad.

The route? Well he'd been forced to zig-zag quite a bit to take in all he wanted to see but he hadn't missed much. He'd gone across Europe and Asia to Japan. See, there's a thumbs-up picture of him outside a cinema in Tokyo with Garbo looking over his shoulder. Then to India, down to Australia, across to Africa—another woolly picture of him standing on what must have been the deck of a ship, holding a piece of rope like a drunken snake-charmer—and on to South America after a bit of looping around. America next, then Canada and Iceland and back home. He'd earned the boat trips in various ways but mainly by advertising a new soft drink, wearing stencilled shirts and pants, giving away samples and whistling a gimmicky tune. Embarrassing? Maybe, but what did it matter so long as you got what you wanted?

Any trouble with languages? Not really. He'd become quite good at making signs and, usually, there was someone around who spoke English. No, he hadn't kept a diary; the photographs were diary enough. Look, there's a good one of him eating an orange standing on a railway track: he couldn't remember exactly where but it was a good clear picture. And here's a snappy action-one of a dog fight, taken in Mexico.

Any outstanding incidents? Sure thing! Scores of them. Let's think of a real high spot. There was the time when he was stuck in a lift with a marvellous red-head for one whole night; that was really something to remember. There was the time too when he'd thrown bananas to some monkeys in an open zoo and the monkeys had thrown things back, rocks and all, very accurately, knocking teeth out all over the place. He'd been challenged to an eating match at a place called Baltit in the Himalayas; he'd stuffed himself with dried apricots, walnuts and hot, flat bread, winning easily but only because he hadn't eaten for three days. He'd had hiccups once for a whole week and, believe it or not, an African doctor had cured him finally with a mighty kick up the backside. He'd thrown boomerangs, shot poisoned arrows, seen Niagara Falls and smoked opium. No, he hadn't fought any bulls, curiously enough.

What about food and drink? Well, most of the time you had to take what you could get. No good asking for kippers or a bath bun in Pernambuco. Couldn't understand why so many people remained nourished on the rubbish they ate. Drink wasn't much better. His own favourite food was fish and chips with cocoa and he hadn't found anything anywhere to beat it.

And what did his parents think about it all? Well, his Mum thought he was



wonderful but his Dad thought he was barmy. Better occupied learning a trade. Probably envious if you wanted the truth. Anyway he'd show 'em both in due course.

What plans for the future? Let's see now. First of all he was going to write a book about the trip and with the money from that he was going to buy the best possible motor-bike and do exactly the same journey the other way

round. At top speed too, make a record of it. That should get him on to the front pages, prove he was a go-ahead type. They'd all be falling over themselves, offering jobs. He had no idea which one he'd choose. He'd know after the second trip. He'd be fully developed by then, ready for anything. Nothing like a globe trot for developing the mind. See for yourself what it had done for him. See?



Q. E. D.

By PETER GREEN

I HAD just settled down to enjoy William Golding's new novel, *Free Fall*. The fire was drawing nicely, and Mr. Golding happens to be one of my favourite authors. But on page eight I got a rude shock. "And who are you anyway?" inquired the narrator, shattering my comfortable privacy. "Are you on the inside, have you a proof-copy? Am I a job to do?" I looked at the curling grey paper wrapper, already a little egg-stained through having been opened over the breakfast table. A meek voice inside my head answered Yes—Yes—Yes—to the three last questions. The first one would keep for Professor Ayer.

One of the advantages (or occupational hazards) of my profession is that of reading most notable books three months or more before publication date. This has had a variety of curious consequences. To begin with, it offers wonderful temptations for indulging in

Literary Lifemanship. Previously I had never known what to do with those smartly lacquered Knightsbridge matrons who *would* go on at cocktail parties about the very latest volume of Field-Marshal's memoirs, reviewed at such pulverizing length the previous Sunday. Now I do.

"Yes, of course," I murmur. "But that version's a little *passé* now, surely? Montauchinbrook's *My War* conclusively demonstrates—"

A faint glaze, reminiscent of second-rate Sèvres, creeps over those bulging, knowledgeable blue eyes. Panic stirs behind the *maquillage*. Is it *conceivable*, that look says, that I should have *missed* it? No, no. Unthinkable. Rally firmly.

"Are you *sure* you're not mistaken?" the voice flutes. "I don't *recall* that Lord Montauchinbrook has published his—"

"No, he hasn't yet; it's coming out





"I thought the sexiest bit was when he hit her with the car-jack."

in three months' time. Serialization in the *Sunday Heavy*, of course."

Nobody yet has had the nerve to tell me this sort of thing is plain cheating; but I cheerfully admit it anyway. As far as I'm concerned, against the Knightsbridge brigade no holds are barred. They can flatten me with hunting anecdotes, drop County names in my dry martini, prattle on unchecked about the Spring Collections ("Mais où sont les beiges d'antan?") I was once tempted to reply: it had no effect at all) and generally sharpen their financial-cum-social teeth on my unprotected hide; but let them once start being up-to-the-minute about books and their massively corseted flank is turned.

Occasionally, of course, a book does pass round the Inner Circle, go into limited social orbit as it were, before publication date. *Lolita* was a very nice case in point. It became immensely chic for Belgravia debes and young Cambridge dons to possess the two-volume Olympia Press edition. Besides giving them a mildly exclusive *frisson* it enabled them to go on *ad lib* about cultural values, press censorship, moral philistinism, and American teenagers.

Mr. John Gordon had himself a Puritan ball in the *Sunday Express*, and the English publisher got more free publicity than he could have bought with the entire Rockefeller Trust. But now the wretched book is on every bookstall, and no one looks like prosecuting it, debs and dons alike are away on more promising ploys.

People like me must be the bane of the Advance Publicity Build-up Campaigners. One publisher I know employs about half a dozen well-connected, impecunious, talkative layabouts—the sort of people who know everyone worth knowing and go to all the right parties and dinners—simply to plug his books into the conversation at appropriate psychological moments. Another has a very smooth way of getting his authors into minor but headline-hitting scrapes about a month before they have a book coming out. It gives me a certain morbid satisfaction to be able to puncture the resultant balloons of speculative hot air by saying "Well, the plot's all right, but really, the characterization . . ." Or, more succinctly, "It stinks." Preferably during a conversational lull.

It occurs to me, now I come to think of it, that most literary sales promotion is based on one thing—a blissfully ignorant reader. Nothing is more calculated to produce a mood of sour cynicism than to go through one of those staggering Puffs Preliminary when you've read the wretched thing already. It makes you wonder, too, how on earth Dame Evie Egghead and Aloysius Spade, M.P., not to mention Lord Muckraker, a distinguished cross-country runner, two TV personalities and the latest delinquent to turn playwright, were all blackmailed, bludgeoned, bribed or flattered into writing such glowing appreciations of the book in question. The answer, I suspect, is that they're not used to being sent proof copies or being In the Know, and it goes to their heads like champagne.

But when you read some three hundred proof copies a year the glamour begins to pall after a while. Time was when I spread the things about in trains, hoping that they might make some impression on the gorgeous but splendidly remote creature sitting opposite. Nowadays the mere sight or smell of a proof copy (galleys are even worse, of course) tends to affect me like castor oil. Every month or so I put the latest collection in a bag, drive over to a well-known Cambridge hospital, and dump them on the hall porter. Heaven knows what effect this literary diet has on the patients. But if it makes them rather less inclined to believe everything they read on the book pages of the Sunday papers the gesture won't, I feel, have been entirely in vain.

Of course, letting proof copies out of my hands has its dangers. I live in a small East Anglian village, and the neighbours have a pleasant habit of using me as a kind of one-man Free Library. Last Saturday evening I went round for cocktails with Mr. and Mrs. Blank, and the talk turned to a certain novel, due to be launched over the weekend with a positive furore of publicity. I was just getting comfortably into my stride, saying what a magnificent achievement it was, and generally sounding rather like a publisher's blurb-writer, when Mrs. Bee, whom I've never particularly liked, fixed me with a gimlet eye and said, in her ringing contralto, "I read it three months ago. *It stinks.*"

Appointment at Birch Grove

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

No doubt Mr. Macmillan has once more thrown open his Sussex garden to the Bank Holiday public, though I write, as it happens, before official intimation of this courtesy has reached me. However, he usually does, and in fact throws himself open too; that is, he is on view, among the hydrangeas and trim, I expect, lawns. The last time this happened, one newspaper report announced that he "was frequently followed by crowds," and the phrase stuck in my head for some reason.

To be "frequently" followed by crowds is the mark of fame. Most of us never get followed at all until we're dead and can't enjoy it. Some of us may be followed after the cry of "Stop thief!" but even this is doubtful; for one thing, some citizen has to be on hand who doesn't mind crying anything so idiotic, and for another everyone would think it was something to do with the films. No, it is only your Heads of State who attract following on the grand scale.

Necessarily, therefore, any ideas I have about how Mr. Macmillan feels, as he hears the muffled crash of voters' boots taking a short cut through the rose-beds, must be purely speculative.

Is he, in general, pleased? I should think very probably so. Prime Ministers who throw open their gardens only to find that the public clumps in the remoter corners with its back turned are bound to feel a twinge of misgiving. Was their policy on fat pigs genuinely popular after all, or were the fawning advisers sugar-coating the pill? I do not pretend, of course, that fleeting doubts of this kind do not cross Mr. Macmillan's mind even when he is in the relatively happy position of being followed. They may, indeed, not only cross it but lodge there. He is not to know, let us remember, exactly *why* he is being followed. The crowd on the whole may be good-natured and admiring, already rehearsing an account for their friends, of how they kept their eyes glued on the back of the Premier's neck for long periods, and noticed to their amazement that small hairs grew

there, and that his shirt-collar, not being turned over fully, disclosed a minute sliver of what could only be the back of his neck-tie. On the other hand, as he bends to savour the scent of a lavender bush, and quickly steals a glance behind him to see if his detectives are on the ball, Mr. Macmillan may well reflect that a man who is nominally responsible for the Gas-Fitters Protective Clothing Act, and the

Regulations Governing Small Print on Pay Envelopes, to mention at random a mere tithe of a year's legislation, can scarcely help making enemies. He may well hope that the detectives have their eye particularly sharply on a down-at-heels-looking man with a broken nose and a check cap, who could be anything from an aggrieved tomato-grower to a Soviet agent slipping tiny microphones among the dwarf beans. (He turns out



"How many bells are we due back by?"

later to be one of the detectives, a new man, but who's to tell?)

It is accepted, I think, that a man stared at must in time become conscious of the eyes upon him, and raise his own to meet them. And that's just one pair. I don't know how many eyes a crowd has—not, at any rate, in a Prime Minister's garden in Sussex on a Bank Holiday—but plenty, you may be sure. Mr. Macmillan is no longer young. I know he won't mind my saying that. Is it right, in that case, that a man already not unburdened with responsibilities, if that isn't putting it too bluntly, should undergo the additional strain of *not* turning round and meeting all those eyes? He can feel them all right, take my word. Anyone who has channelled the rays of the sun, when available, through a magnifying glass, and set fire to a handy toffee-paper, will have some idea of what the back of Mr. Macmillan's coat is up against. I believe that Lady Dorothy, whom he may well run into from time to time at intersections, frequently remarks curiously on a smell of burning before

she passes on. It is a mark of the man's strength, naturally, that he pays no attention to these eyes. He pretends that they are not there. He pretends, in fact, that the crowds are not there; and this is a special trick, needed only by the famous, and calling for a fair amount of practice, I shouldn't be surprised—walking to aircraft, driving from Downing Street, sitting in a stage box, standing for the National Anthem at Wembley—the trick of pretending that the crowd, who are often only there because you are, aren't.

In the case of Mr. Macmillan and the garden, of course, the fact is that he needn't be there, when you come to think of it. None of the publicity announcing that crowds may enter the garden gives the slightest hint that the owner will be on hand for following purposes. He could stay indoors, and the crowds wouldn't have a leg to stand on. This makes me wonder whether I've been wasting my sympathy, if sympathy is what this is, because any man who does something he needn't do—putting aside any highfalutin

considerations of duties and obligations—does it because he likes it.

Why the crowd does it is a different mystery, and one which, in part, I am in a position to solve. I asked one of them—for I am proud to be a Sussex resident, a man who might at any moment be following a man who has followed Mr. Macmillan—I asked him why he did it last time. He replied that he found it very romantic and exciting, actually being in the same garden with a man who had met Mr. Khrushchev.

Wish You Were Here

Oberammergau

FELOW-PILGRIMS on Munich train piously smothered giggles when densely bearded porters phizzes loomed up at window. But local beavers and manes (municipally decreed) soon taken for granted by Anglo-American women, in clean-shaven majority here. Superfluity of hair, charabancs, woodcarvings and people, especially camera-clots obsessively on the snap. Occasional pastoral note: saw elegant green-jacketed police clear way through heavy traffic for two tintinnabulous cows, driven by angel-faced boy with shoulder-length blond curls. In heavens above slid a glider from local club, offering round trips to tourists. Disappointed to find cinema is *not* screening *Ten Commandments* and the rest of the Bible epics. But the Play—superbly—is the thing. Astonishingly immunised from commercialism of village. I expected reverence, but amazed to find such professionalism. One of my most thrilling theatrical immersions. Afterwards puffed my way up through thick-flowering meadows to mountain inn, where buttonholed by beery, over-friendly denizen of the other Ammergau, where nobody goes—the *Unter* one. Listened to tearful complaints about inequity of this arrangement. Back in village, sampled beer of current and former Christs (thriving hoteliers, all). Mistaken by Algerian chauffeur for Belgian, which made my evening. In shops till nearly midnight; brisk trade in cream-cakes, crucifixes, whimsy timber animals, and local crypto-Benedictine liqueur (Ettal). On bosky Bavarian hill, high above empty 5200-seater theatre, glitters a neon cross.

—R. F.

Man in Apron

by Larry





"A couple of new headlamps would bring down its average age a bit, wouldn't it?"

Try My Trepanning! By T. S. WATT

IT is said that the Council of the British Medical Association wants to establish the principle that in future doctors may seek publicity provided that "it is of benefit to the public or to the medical profession." I cannot help feeling that this throws open a dangerously wide field for the activities of the more adventurous spirits among the doctors and that future B.M.A. inquiries into the behaviour of erring members may all too often proceed somewhat on the following lines:

Q. You are Henry Blank, physician and surgeon?

A. I am.

Q. Did you, on April 4th last, cause to be painted on the side of your house a notice in the following terms:

"Physician Henry Blank Surgeon. Final fitness your goal? Let me see your inside-right! Ulcers a speciality. Tracheotomy 'n' trepanning"?

A. That is so.

Q. What was the result?

A. There was some trouble with the Corporation.

Q. But otherwise the scheme was a success?

A. The month's figures showed a significant rise in ulcer intake.

Q. You would not contend that this was of benefit to your colleagues?

A. I understand that there was an intensified local demand for trepanning.

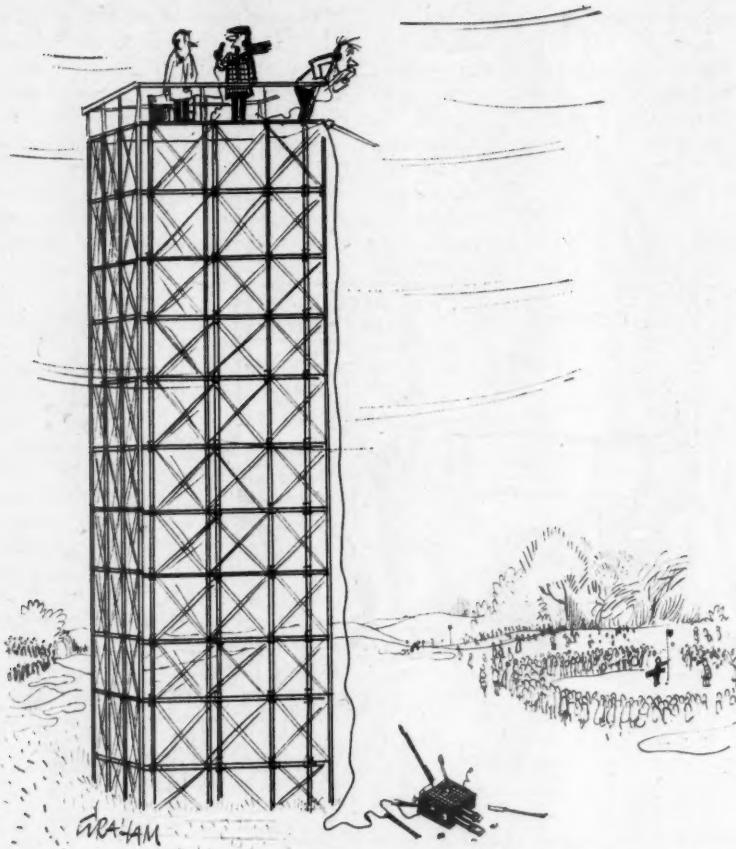
Q. But in cases of this kind Doctor Dash had been offering a ten per cent reduction and a complimentary ward dressing-gown?

A. That is so.

Q. Did you, on May 15th, distribute two thousand leaflets at various addresses in your neighbourhood?

A. I did.

Q. And did each leaflet bear, on the one side, "This may save you £50—Astounding offer," and on the other, "A unique opportunity. For a strictly limited period all applicants for major operations will receive a voucher entitling the bearer to FREE extraction of tonsils OR fracture and re-setting of not more than TWO hammer-toes OR course of anti-influenza injections, or other treatment according to the patient's requirements. Applicants for two major operations will receive TWO vouchers, together with complimentary box of cigars or real crocodile-skin hand-bag."



"I believe that viewers have lost their picture."

Fill in the attached coupon now to avoid disappointment?"

A. That is so.

Q. And what was the result on this occasion?

A. There was a steep rise in my theatre engagements.

Q. We are to understand that you operated more frequently?

A. That is so.

Q. I suggest that this was of benefit to yourself alone?

A. No. Theatre pressure built up to unmanageable levels, and I was forced to look to others to siphon off my surplus hammer-toes and tonsils.

Q. And you contend that this campaign resulted in benefit to the public over and above that which would have accrued had it never been carried out?

A. Yes. Thirty-two boxes of cigars and twenty-five hand-bags were distributed. There were post-operative

returns of four boxes of cigars and three hand-bags, and these were exchanged for vouchers entitling the bearer to one free consultation of five minutes' duration and to a ticket admitting self and friend to a demonstration of a carbuncle excision, with dancing and complimentary cocktails.

Q. And this was the only way in which the public benefited?

A. No. The advertisement undoubtedly saved many individuals from falling into the hands of my colleagues and from summary hospitalization, with its attendant risks of appendicectomies performed on fracture cases, lethal injections, discharge of patients when *in extremis*, and all the minor discomforts of noise, early awakening, petty restrictions, and so on. Moreover, every patient attracted to my surgery had the benefit of my unique "Health or Half" guarantee, under which incurable cases receive vouchers to the amount of fifty

per cent of the fees paid, entitling them to a host of benefits, including free maintenance of bath-chairs, repairs to air-cushions, complimentary night-lights, life membership of my "Sunset Club," with yearly magazine remitted post free, unique "non-drip" medicine spoon, four monster bottles of Blank's Better Breathing Balsam, and a "build-it-yourself" working model of an oesophagus for the kiddies.

Q. Is it not a fact that in the course of an operation performed on June 14th, Doctor Dash extracted from a Mr. Selby a small plastic tab bearing the words "Favour Field, the fittest fishmonger—just another Blank patient"?

A. That is so.

Q. This scheme could not be considered a success?

A. Doctor Dash benefited.

Q. But not Mr. Selby?

A. This was an isolated instance. In the week following my arrangement with Mr. Field for the insertion of these tabs into twenty-five stone of sole, plaice and halibut, my consultation figures rose by fifteen per cent. Patients benefited both by successful surgery and by complimentary vouchers, and a Mrs. Moby won my monthly prize of a week's holiday in North Wales, with free courses in cragsmanship, horse-jumping and rough shooting.

Q. Did you on the . . .

One cannot help hoping that the doctors will prefer less sensational methods. I myself would favour a more urbane approach, and in fact I have already roughed out a sober little paragraph beginning "I don't suppose you'd see much of a connection between a boil on the duodenum and the *Ode to a Nightingale*, but . . ." I hope to finish several more in the course of the next month, and I think doctors would find my terms pretty reasonable—thirty guineas a paragraph and three for sixty—for a strictly limited period.



"The National Association of Head Teachers gave overwhelming support yesterday to a resolution deplored the appointment of untrained teachers. They urged that from 1963 only those who had received recognised professional training should be appointed.

Mr. W. R. Gleaves, Co. Durham, speaking at the Animal Conference at Buxton, Derby, said that . . ."—*Daily Telegraph*

Stick to the point.

Half-Yearly Report

By KEDAR NATH

From

THE DIRECTOR
REGIONAL COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT
(Extension Services)
MOTIPUR

To

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL
STATE COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT
PROGRAMMES
MOGUL MAHAL
Reference No. PROGS/58/1-2

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your express letter No. URG/58/0-1, dated November 25, asking me to forward the report of my welfare campaign since my appointment here six months ago, I beg to submit the following for your kind consideration.

The town was in an awful condition when I arrived, especially its roads which were in such bad repair as made travelling a risky adventure. I refer in particular to the one-mile road between my bungalow and the Officers' Club. The first day I drove down it I had to encounter a domestic tragedy.

Though placed at my disposal by a considerate wine merchant, the car was new. But it had bumped so frequently and so dangerously on the said road that my wife hit her head against the steel hood. The unfortunate result was that she lost many ounces of her precious blood.

I have described her blood precious for two main reasons.

First, she needs blood already very badly, having been underfed during my demotion over five years prior to my present appointment.

Second, she is an arts graduate and she goes down my office during my absence and bullies orderlies into doing our household chores. In doing so, she is motivated by the highest ideals of loyalty to the Government; she wants to see to it that the servants do not idle away the hours of work the Government pays them for. As a consequence of the car accident, she had to stay in bed for a complete fortnight during which, I am constrained to report, the menial staff went gay and neglected all their duties.

Within a few days of the accident I sought out the services of a seasoned Government contractor who understood the way the officers' minds work. Suffice it to say that the road in question was in excellent shape in four months. The expenditure incurred was much more than anticipated in my draft-bill; but, as you know, a good contractor uses the best material and promises satisfying results. Besides, in the grand total of the road (named after your good self) construction bill I included the doctor's charges for the special treatment he gave my wife on her injury.

Another disturbing feature of the town I noticed soon after I came here was the crude lack of cultural atmosphere. It is true that official brain and culture have little to do together. All the same, some semblance of intellectuality has to be maintained to safeguard the Government's prestige. My wife and I were in fact looking for some slick reading stuff, but could find nothing throughout the length and breadth of the city. I realized that the inhabitants were living in a cesspool of ignorance, rather uncivilization.

Naturally, I gave orders for an open-air library in the Premier Park, where now the gentry beguiles its free hours in many a good round of rummy, flash or tennis. I have also appointed two librarians, one man and the other a woman, to instil in the hearts of the people the truth that ours is a democratic country and that we are in the midst of evolving an Eastern variety of democracy.

Recently I set up an anti-rat campaign. Posters describing the causes and prevention of plague were stuck on the walls of the most beautiful buildings in the city, excluding Government buildings; they were also hung from telegraph wires and suspended across road crossings.

Moreover, I got the school authorities to declare every other Monday a holiday. On that day children parade the streets, carrying banners and placards announcing the danger of plague. On such occasions traffic is held up for some two hours, and that does impress people

who are now getting increasingly convinced that the Government is indeed very active and mindful of their problems. On further advice from you I can start similar campaigns on prohibition, stray dogs, sanitation, etc.

Another serviceable thing I did was to employ four sweepers, paid by the Government, to take care of my bungalow. Originally there were two sweepers and they could not impart the neat grace an officer's home should have.

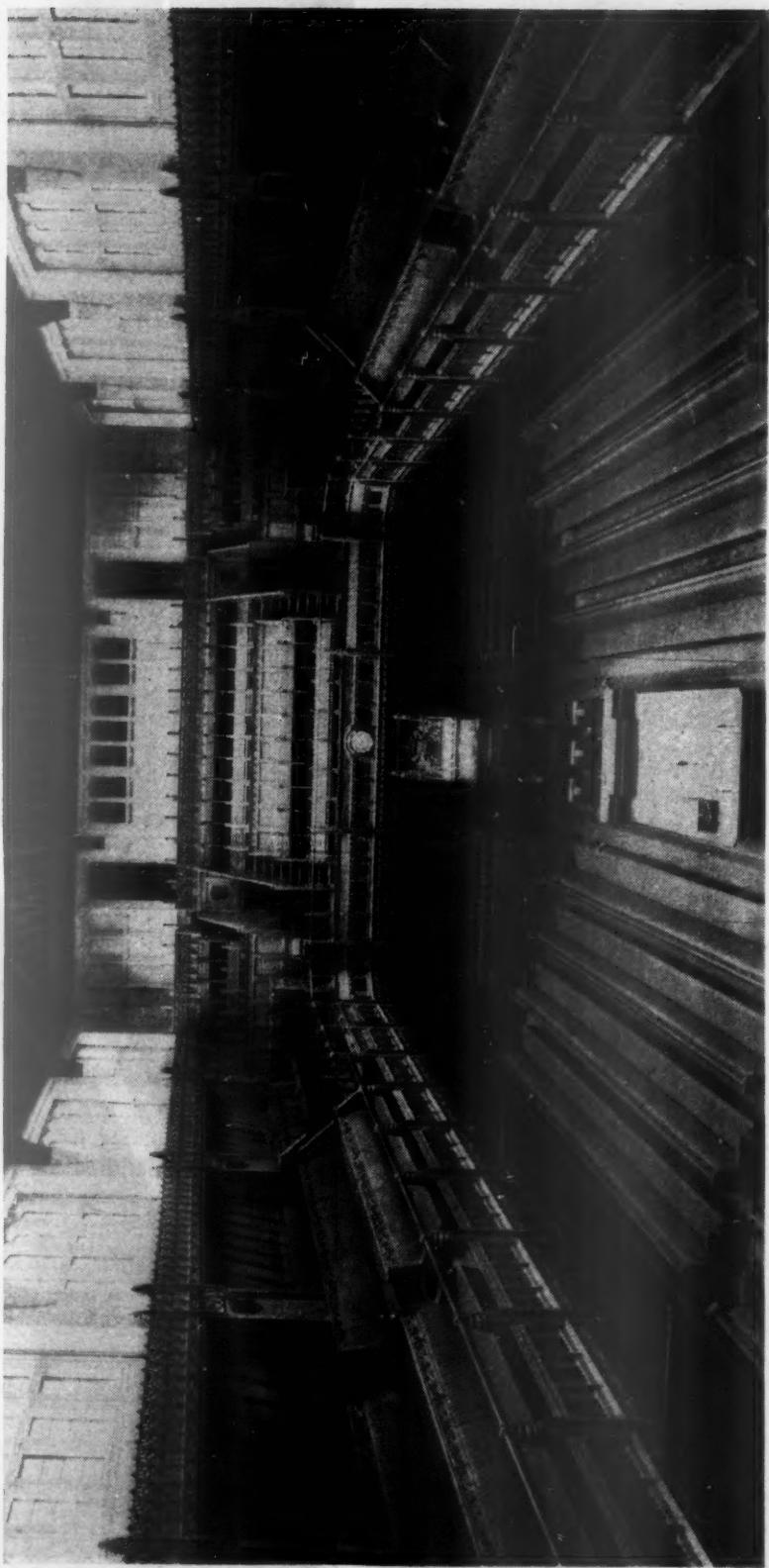
Regularly, daily sprayed with DDT and lime, so that there are no flies or mosquitoes around, the bungalow presents a smart look which you will certainly appreciate during your proposed visit here. To receive you I have already begun making preparations. Using the influence of my position I have been able to prevail upon a contractor to supply free fifty chickens, in addition to two dozen fresh eggs daily. In appreciation of his willingness to serve I have decided to give him a small contract for making a motor road in the Premier Park.

You will be pleased to learn that, as a result of my social activities, I have become quite popular in the town. To be frank, I find it difficult to keep up with the pace of life here, what with all the at-homes and dinners I am expected to grace. In view of the growing responsibilities I have to shoulder it may be possible for the Government to consider the question of increasing my allowance by a hundred rupees a month, the increase to be made with retrospective effect from when I resumed charge.

I hope you will be as kind to me as you have been in the past. With full confidence in your appreciation of loyal officers,

Yours faithfully,
TEJA SINGH





THE NEGATIVE MANIFESTO

THIS IS OUR POLICY

The Constitution

CLAUSE I. *The Party shall be called the Negative Party.*

CLAUSE II. *The Object of the Party shall be Inactivity.*

Note: However much the object of any other Political Party may at any time resemble this, the Negative Party shall at all times disclaim any connection with such Party.

CLAUSE III. *The work of the Party shall be under the direction and control of the Decennial General Meeting. The first motion put to any such meeting shall be adjourned to the next decade.*

In pursuance of an agreement the Decennial Government

One has only to examine this photograph of the House of Commons as it is now, while Parliament is in recess, to appreciate the essential political value of Negativism. Notice the front benches—empty; and the back benches—likewise, empty. The House now is in a state of perfect calm; let us resolve never to violate it again.

We Negativists—Do Nothings, if you will—believe that Britain should no longer risk the possibility of undertaking positive political action just in order to provide occasional positions for 630 or so M.P.s. He governs best who governs least: he opposes best who opposes not

Foreign Affairs. Coloured people begin at Calais. Foreigners should be left alone, otherwise they keep sending ultimatums, *demandes*, etc. We shall take no notice of any communications from anyone. If foreigners want to buy our cars, whisky, woollens, and so on, they must pay the same price as the rest of us.

W.M.A.T. 1960

CLAS II. *The work of the Party shall be under the direction and control of the Decennial General Meeting. The first motion put to any such meeting shall be adjourned to the next decade. In*

times of emergency the Decennial General Meeting may elect a Cabinet, or preferably a Shadow Cabinet. The Cabinet shall not meet. If a quorum of the Cabinet find themselves in the same room they shall discuss horse-racing.

CLAUSE IV. *If, at any time, the Decennial General Meeting think it necessary to provide evidence of the continued existence of the Party, the Leader and Deputy Leader (both to be appointed for the occasion) shall pick sides and discuss either the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange, or the defence of the Realm.*

CLAUSE V. *Clause IV shall be sacred.*

longer risk the possibility of undertaking positive political action just in order to provide occasional pastimes for 630 or so M.P.s. He governs best who governs least; he opposes best who opposes not at all. The Opposition evidently is slightly ahead of the Government in grasping these concepts. If only the Government would face facts and come out into the open and proclaim its fundamental Negativism toward industrial and agricultural productivity, economic union with Europe, disarmament and the rest, then the Opposition could do so as well. Adopting Negativism would require only the passive acceptance of what already is not there. Then the Government could go on non-leading and the Opposition non-opposing in comfort. Equilibrium without anguish is the first prerequisite for the total static inertia that our system requires.

The voters of Britain might do worse than to cast their minds back over history before dismissing our contention that deviations from Negativism never enhanced the status of this nation *in the long run*. Consider the colonization of America, for instance; and yet there are some anti-Negativists in Britain today who believe that Britain should be one of the first nations to explore interplanetary space, instead of letting the Dominican Republic and Lichtenstein and all those others go on without us. Space is the very epitome of Negativism and it would ill behove us of all people to spoil it. Do not consider Suez or Cyprus or Wimbledon or anywhere else where Britain acted negatively too late or double-negatively. We Negativists, now formally uncommitted to our disorganization, are not unprepared to consider not declining to withhold our opposition, during an interim period of a duration not to be announced, from members of any parties (except, of course, our own) who continue to show by their inaction that they do not reject in principle the basic tenets set forth in this manifesto.

Commonwealth Affairs. If the nations of the Commonwealth are ignored for long enough they will turn into foreigners and we shall deal with them, or not deal with them, as above. This will allow us to eliminate a whole Ministry, or if you count the Colonial Office as a Ministry, two whole Ministries.

Finance. Taxes to be raised on a purely voluntary basis. If people want schools, hospitals, etc., we pledge ourselves to let them set up their own and go round with a hat. Anyone not wanting them need not have them. The National Debt to be put into the hands of a reliable debt-collecting agency.

Defence. If communications from foreign powers are not answered there is not likely to be much need for armed forces. Those already existing may continue existing if they feel like it. Rockets to be sold to Messrs. Brock and the warheads stuffed with coloured stars.

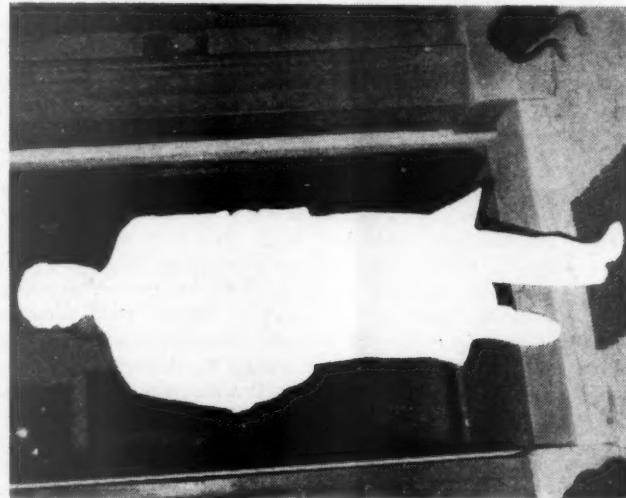
Labour. We shall never stop a man working if he wants to. Nor shall we ever stop a man striking if he wants to. The law of supply and demand and common-or-garden hunger will ensure a healthy labour market.

Health. We shall legalize euthanasia between consenting adults so long as it is practised under private arrangements.

Pensions. We think it wrong that a Government should interfere in the private affairs of citizens, and we shall allow everyone to make what arrangements he pleases for his or her old age, in the unhappy and unlikely event of its being attained.

Copies of this Manifesto are not obtainable anywhere, price 9d.

The best Prime Minister we haven't got.



Gwyn Thomas's School days



7. Round the Bend in the Gym

In a school it is often possible to detect striking seams of lunacy. Especially if there is someone around urging higher standards of idealism or fitness

THE empire of physical education has grown immensely. If the present output of specialists is kept up we shall all be on the move before we finish. Not even the gravely obsessional subjects like physics have more of a crusading spirit. It is possibly a part of the lemming movement away from the more intense ideals of the literate. Inspectors and organizers of the subject come buzzing around in swarms, taking up or putting down the tongs for this type of physical jerk or that, planning vast stadia with room for everything but a book or a nib. The newly qualified PT men brood and theorize about the proper place of their subject in the school's life and resent any effort to make it inferior in status to the heavier academic disciplines. It shares this aggressive attitude with Art. It is a tactic in the campaign to whip humanity into expressing itself more clearly and joyfully. Thirty years ago the art course in a grammar school was five or six terms in the lower school doing cautious work with a pencil and the top of the thumb drawing things like saucepans and getting cuffed silly if you threw in any detail that would have puzzled an ironmonger. The boys of to-day are given plenty of paint, brushes, water and licence. Their imaginations are nourished at a trough of colour. It is the biggest bout of free-handed daubing since those boys got to work on the rock surfaces of the Sahara and the cave walls around the Pyrenees. Often the pupils are asked to listen to some impressionist bit of music—Clair de Lune, Night on the Bare Mountain, The Ride of the Valkyrie, and told "You've heard the music, now put your thoughts about it into paint." And a few dozen more thoughts which should never have been allowed to leave the human head are smeared in polychromatic chaos on to an acre of defenceless paper. Still, it does something to counter the pox of prim literalness being spread by the overlordship of the scientific side.

But there is no one like the young Physical Education fanatic to make his creed a way of life for filling a school with an air of intoxicating change. He will banish the sloppy turn-outs of yesteryear which allowed a boy to appear in sub-fusc knicks or even his normal long trousers. Kit now has to be sparkling, virgin white. Boys falling one fraction of a gleam beneath the expected level of whiteness and brightness are put to stand in a leper's isolation while the other athletes, vestals to a man, file past singing selections from the brisker detergent jingles. The town fills with sud-happy parents, their faces pulled tight around the manic stare which parents wear in TV commercials when they spot a garment less nitid than the one glittering on their own child's back.

There is no longer room for skulkers. Six school generations ago the PT mystique was still a crude, dwarfed affair. One had only to mumble that an inherited tendency to hernia made one dread the vaulting horse or that a nervous twitch made one a danger man in those gymnastic pyramids in which about thirty people stand on each other and one was out. We were still near enough to the Middle Ages to give the dead-beat and the unfit some sort of legitimate standing. It was regarded as feasible that one might have a temperamental hatred of tumbling about half-clothed in a draughty cavern. The school's exercises were carried on with a fair-sized platoon of fully clothed, inert rejects on the flank and no one thought that education was being stabbed in the back.

But now a non-participant is regarded as an unfulfilled child. For everyone there must be some suitable, acceptable activity and the new PT men are after the shams, the idle and the cripples as implacably as Interpol. This means that the old-fashioned curriculum of knees-bend, arms-raise, lie-flat and the rest is now only a fragment of the whole outfit. The landscape of physical activity can change overnight.

Some months ago a colleague, Mr. Fuller, was reading his way through the collected plays of Racine, Tirso de Molina and Gerhart Hauptmann with a view to selling their

plots to writers of Welsh village comedies whose stories were becoming identical. The going was rough. The print was tiny and the plots double-jointed and the theology like granite. He hesitated to wish such stuff even on writers of Welsh village comedies. His eyesight and nerves reached the floor together and he was the first man to qualify for a guide dog with its brandy barrel full of adrenalin. He was in a world where madmen muttered in code. Boys were assigned to sweeping up bits of his flaking psyche. Pupils were positioned in accordance with whatever part of his split mind he had currently chosen to teach with. In the morning assembly the sight of innocent faces slipping into gapes and yawns as they stalled sleepily on the broader vowels revived in him the evangelical fervour which had seized him briefly in that winter when everyone else had Spanish influenza, and he would want to carry on interminably with the last chorus after the fashion of the old camp meetings. Agents were sent to mutilate his hymnal with an optional clause about doing as much for him. Bits of remembered dialogue from those innumerable plays kept returning to his mind and he developed the habit of moving his head from side to side as the verbal ball slipped from one character to another. I told him that he was on the safe side as long as all this activity remained in his head.

"I suppose you are right," he said and his head went back into its compulsive pendulum of dilemmas.

He was obsessed also by the idea that as his own reserves of resistance dwindled the offensive malice of his pupils would grow and that one day, when his spirit had reached nadir, they would set on him.

"As war as an institution recedes," he told me, "the unplanned violence of the refractory lout will mount in a steady tide. Our future is one of things moving upwards out of cellars."

I noticed that he would spend longer and longer periods waiting outside the door of classrooms before going in. He would put his ear to the door listening for any sign of ambush. This, oddly, improved discipline. Few things quieten life more quickly than the sight of someone who appears to be listening intently for something. Many teachers have perfected this as a defensive tactic. First they appear to be listening for something; then the pupils, quick to catch the whiff of anything that hints of a vague terror, they too appear to be listening for something. One day they'll hear it and we'll be in trouble.

During this period the Physical Education side of the school was in the middle of an earthquake. A half dozen new kinds of physical activity had been introduced into the



"She used to be his cook until he discovered she was a first-class secretary."



school and the last two passivists who were against public stripping, public bathing and rapid movement had been winkled out of the boiler room where they had hollowed out a kind of cache behind a bunker and had been recruited into some game involving a very soft, slow type of ball that even tortoises could play. Mr. Fuller was told nothing of this. It was generally felt that his mind was carrying a full enough load. No one knew what fresh bit of information might turn out to be the final straw that would send Mr. Fuller climbing up the time-table. Nor was I told about the innovations.

Then one day Mr. Fuller came up to me looking startled. We had been staying behind, he with a verse-speaking group, I with the gramophone society where I had been having my nerves singed by the growing jazz group. There were boys in this faction who regularly dredged up ancient jazz discs that struck me as being compounded in perfect proportion of scratch and rabies. They had been on top form that afternoon, playing music that had filed away at my spine, and I had ended the session with a formal motion that all those musicians who had become articulate around the Mississippi delta should have been urged to jump in.

So my first impulse was to tell Mr. Fuller that if there were any vacancies in his league he could sign me on. He beckoned me into a dark corner and when he spoke it was right into my ear as if he wanted to exclude even the mice from his secret. My first impression was that he had now decided to go off the hinge and to take me with him.

"Do you know what you told me about those voices, those spectral conversations that I keep hearing?"

I did not remember. What advice I gave to Mr. Fuller was a shout thrown into a strong wind. One never had the idea that it might register.

"You said it would be all right as long as the voices stayed inside my head, a game played between the bones of my skull, with my mind always there in control, deciding on the general drift of the conversation, arranging the programme."

"That's right. Anything strictly private is sane. Madness can exist only in relation to the public."

"Congratulate me. I'm mad. I've made it."

"Come now, Mr. Fuller. What is this now?"

"I've been hearing voices that definitely come from outside myself."

"Where was this?"

"Outside the gym."

"What were they saying?"

"That's another disquieting thing. It was a language I had never heard before."

"What did it sound like?"

Mr. Fuller was not embarrassed or diffident. He had been

living for so long well within the borders of the incredible he now took these things in his stride. He gave out a series of loud, unintelligible shouts.

"Say it again," I told him, pushing Mr. Fuller farther back into the shadow to keep the thing as private as I could. He repeated the sounds. There was a faint chord of recognition in my mind. A few years before we had put on *The Mikado* and a Japanese official had been in the audience as part of a goodwill tour. He had been persuaded to stand up and say a few words in genuine Japanese and he had been a bigger hit than Gilbert.

"What you heard was Japanese."

"That's my luck. My first public delusion and they've got to be Japs, a people I don't like or trust."

"You've got to fight this, Mr. Fuller. Go back to the gym. Fling open the door. The place will be empty. Laugh loudly into the emptiness. The echo of the laughter will scour all this nonsense out of your cranium."

He made an effort and walked towards the door of the gymnasium. I could hear no sound coming from the place. He flung open the door. His whole face seemed to drop two or three inches. A lumbago twinge shot his whole body forward. He shut the door and hurried back to where I had been standing and urging him on to be a man.

"I've really completed the course," he said in a very low voice. "I hear voices. Japanese voices. Look in the gym, you say. The place will be empty. Laugh. Scour your cranium. Fine. I open the door. The place is full of Japanese. Short, Japanese men, bowing to each other, grasping each other and all dressed in short bath-robés of a very skimpy, loose Oriental kind. So long. I am going to spend the next few days with my head under the bedclothes, telling my manias for God's sake to stay in Western Europe and express themselves in languages about which I have some sort of clue."

He left me convulsively as if he had been suddenly roped and tugged by a phantom gaucho, and keeping his arm up as if trying to shield himself from any further onset of consciousness. I opened the door of the gymnasium. Mr. Fuller's eyes had not been fooling. In the gym were about a score of youths looking self-conscious in kimonos, getting themselves into painful knots and many of them looking remarkably toothless. That was the first I knew of the fact that our new, razor-sharp physical educator, Mr. Hackett, had started a Judo society and that a fair proportion of his yellow belts had false teeth which they removed before they went into action. Shinto says that if you are going to bite anybody use your own materials. I was impressed, even infected. I started circling silently around myself looking for a hold.

Next week: A Rugged Winter

A Cup of My Tea

By A. H. BARTON

PURBRIGHT and Strapfarthing stood in the hall of the British Embassy in the capital of a country behind the iron curtain. Purbright belonged to a warship visiting that country and Strapfarthing had come along with the ship because he spoke twelve languages. They hung their uniform caps on hooks. The hall was already full of headgear: strange uniform caps, among them a powder-blue kepi; soft midnight purple felt hats appropriate to vice-ministers of internal affairs; an astrakhan Macwonder; a battered Anthony Eden of character, faintly suggestive of the British Council. "I don't see a hat there I couldn't talk through in its own language," said Strapfarthing. He was very excited, life being much too short for a man with twelve languages to have time to get enough practice in them all. "Let's get on in," he said.

Inside the embassy drawing-room they stood still for a moment, fitting the heads they now saw in under the hats they had just seen. Head-and-shoulders above the crowd was a figure in powder-blue uniform. "The kepi," Purbright said. But Strapfarthing had seen two brown generals in a corner. "Oh, happy day!" he said. "It's years since I spoke Czech to a Czech." He sped away.

Thick scent swirled up both of Purbright's nostrils. He turned, following it to its source. Mata Hari stood there at the far end of a long cigarette holder. "You think I am like Mata Hari?" she asked. She blew a cloud of pink smoke. "You like the pink smoke from my cigarette?" she asked.

"It beguiles me," said Purbright.

Mata Hari looked gratified. "I get them from a little man I know beyond the Urals," she said.

"Dolly," said a husbandly voice. Mata Hari looked round. A wing-commander had joined them. "Come away," he said. "I have a pair of Bulgarian storm commodores for you to talk to. In any case you are wasting Commander Strapfarthing's time; a man

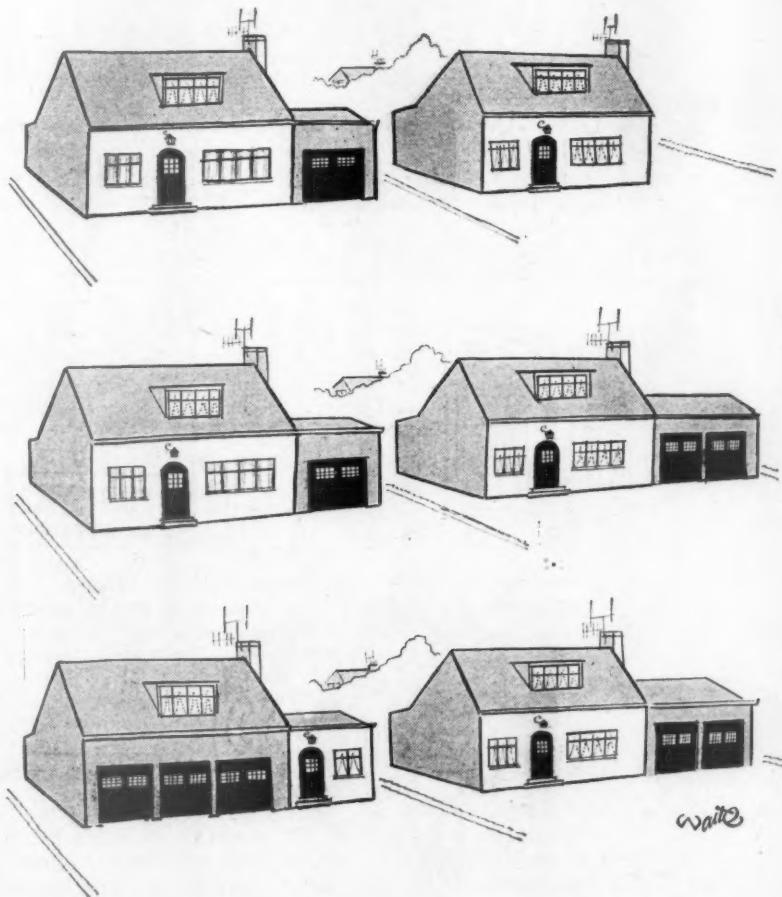
with seventeen languages should not be asked to speak his own on an occasion like this."

They had gone before Purbright could explain who he was, and they were immediately replaced by a man with brandy in his glass. "My name is Robson," said this man, in the voice of a central European psycho-analyst. He opened his jacket for a moment. "Look," he said. Pinned to his waistcoat, low down and to the side, was a row of medal-ribbons: 1939/45 Star,

Atlantic Star and Victory Medal. "Now I am employed in the State Ship Chandlers here. But very long since I have a fiancée in your Cumberland and all the war I am a seaman in your British merchant ships. How I was endeared by it all. It was a cup of my tea."

"Just your cup of tea," Purbright said.

"What I say," said Robson. "Just a cup of my tea. Murmansk convoys, very cold."



Purbright's reply was forestalled by the Ambassador himself, tall and impossibly perfidious in his M.C.C. tie, who introduced him to a Cabinet Minister.

"How do you do, sir," said Purbright, explaining to himself that if it was a fellow's duty to call a Communist "sir," a fellow did his duty.

The Minister began to tell him how, retreating before a German advance, he had escaped to England via Lisbon, Bermuda, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Iceland

and Scapa Flow. He told his story with relish, in excellent English, as though it was a long time since he had told it. Then, turning full face to Purbright, he said: "I am glad that the Conservatives won the 1959 election in Britain although their political persuasions are by no means mine. Continuity, particularly in foreign affairs, is important." He examined Purbright closely to see the effect of this remark; and Purbright, who had not voted Conservative, felt

very far to the Left, almost out of sight. "I voted Labour myself," he said.

A smile spread over the Minister's face. "You think perhaps therefore that I am a capitalist hyena?" he suggested.

Purbright felt momentarily delighted with the world and everything in it. "Not a hyena, sir," he said. "But certainly a monstrously reactionary deviationist. Not a cup of my tea."

"Surely you have got that idiom wrong," began the Minister, in the anxious tone Purbright had learned from Strapfarthing to associate with ardent linguists. "Surely . . ." But the Ambassador politely removed him to meet a Bolivian consul-general.

Mata Hari was again at Purbright's elbow. She had brought with her the pale blue man of the kepi, who seemed highly excited and apparently bursting to speak to Purbright. She exhaled pink smoke and told Purbright that he looked forlorn.

"I have missed you," Purbright replied. "And I have been deprived of the company of a Cabinet Minister."

The man in powder-blue could contain himself no longer. Placing a great hand on Purbright's shoulder, he exploded into speech: "Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb," he said, in some strange language. "Rhubarb, rhubarb—"

Mata Hari interrupted him. "Let me first introduce you," she said. "Lieutenant Corbel, Swiss military attaché. Commander Strapfarthing of the Royal Navy, who speaks nineteen languages."

Corbel began again. "Rhubarb, rhubarb," he said. "Rhubarb, rhubarb—"

"I am very sorry," Purbright said. "But I do not understand you."

Corbel gave a snort of triumph. "It is what I always said," he said. He gripped Purbright's shoulder again, stirring several old wounds to life. "Only a German Swiss can understand German-Swiss."

Purbright explained that he was not Strapfarthing. Corbel's great hand fell away and he became crestfallen. "But," said Purbright, "you must allow me to introduce you to him, he is always hungry for languages."

Mata Hari retired under a pink smoke-screen. Purbright extricated Strapfarthing from deep conversation with two Polish logistics commandants and introduced Corbel. Corbel took a



"Speed up the bidding—the death-watch beetles are gaining on us."

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deep breath and gripped him by the shoulder. "Rhubarb," he said, his eyes glistening with anticipation. "Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb." Maintaining his grip he took a deep drink from the glass in his other hand. "Rhubarb, rhubarb—"

Strapfarthing shook his head: "It is a language I do not know," he said. "Nevertheless, it is, as such, music to my ears, a strange and charming noise that beckons me to disentangle meaning from it."

Corbel repeated his snort of triumph. He removed his hand from Strapfarthing's shoulder and slammed it back on Purbright's. "Here is your Commander Strapfarthing, master of twenty-one languages," he said in English, "but of course he does not understand German-Swiss. *Nobody* understands my language. You know German, Commander Strapfarthing?"

"Yes."

"You know French?"

"Yes."

"You know Italian?"

"Yes."

"The German-Swiss language is a mixture—"

"Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb," said the Minister to Corbel, suddenly arriving at Purbright's elbow. "Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb . . ." He blew pink smoke from his nose. "I have been accepting decadent cigarettes from the wife of a wing-commander," he said to Purbright in English. He turned back to Corbel. "Rhubarb, rhubarb," he said.

Corbel was sadly disconcerted but he responded manfully. "Rhubarb, rhubarb," he said, courteously.

"You see?" said the Minister, turning to Purbright. "It takes a cosy bourgeois like me to be so cultivated as to know Swiss-German."

"You spineless intellectuals with your pink cigarette smoke and your feckless knowledge of the irrelevant," said Purbright.

The Minister smiled. "Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb," he said to Corbel, and retired to take his leave of his host.

"What did he say, then?" Purbright asked.

Corbel looked puzzled. "He said that you were just his cup of tea."

Purbright went in search of a drink. A fellow can't help it, he told himself, if a fellow gets flattered by a Communist.



"Two barnacles, dad, and that's the lot."

Me and Aunt Edna Calling the Box Office

I HAVE been purged for long enough by terror and by pity,
Emotionally I'm a bankrupt; there's nothing left in the kitty;
All I ask is the camel lines and the lights of the desert city
And lashings more of the blissful secret life of Walter Mitty.

Oh for the cleft-chinned hero, winning a golden fleece,
Two persons putting together a dinosaur, piece by piece,
And one of them tumbling the whole thing down by a slip in a pool of grease,
And an endless stream of dear Mack Sennett's belly-laugh police.

I crave for a level-crossing and a truck and an engine's scream,
And the purr of mink and the chink of ice and the sequin's wicked gleam,
Ruritania and Rose-Marie, Lerner-and-Loewe-and-cream,
Oklahoma and Pinafore and a Midsummer Night's long Dream.

I will not lay good money out to be harrowed about perversion—
Come down, cat, from the hot tin roof to a Garden coolly Persian.
What I require is three good hours of sumptuous total immersion,
In the swish of Daimler tyres on the drive and a Golden Arrow Excursion.

I long for the innocent ageless dead-pan face of Buster Keaton,
And the feast of whelks and winkles of a Day by the Sea at Seaton,
The brittle charm of early Edwardians dressed by Cecil Beaton,
And a clash of the sunny temperaments of characters raised at Eton.

Guards officers planning adultery in a chi-chi Georgian setting,
And a bee-hive girl with a salty wit and a Dior dress abetting,
A blonde and a carefree sailor in some un-neurotic petting,
And a twelve-stone dame in a feather boa receiving a sudden wetting.

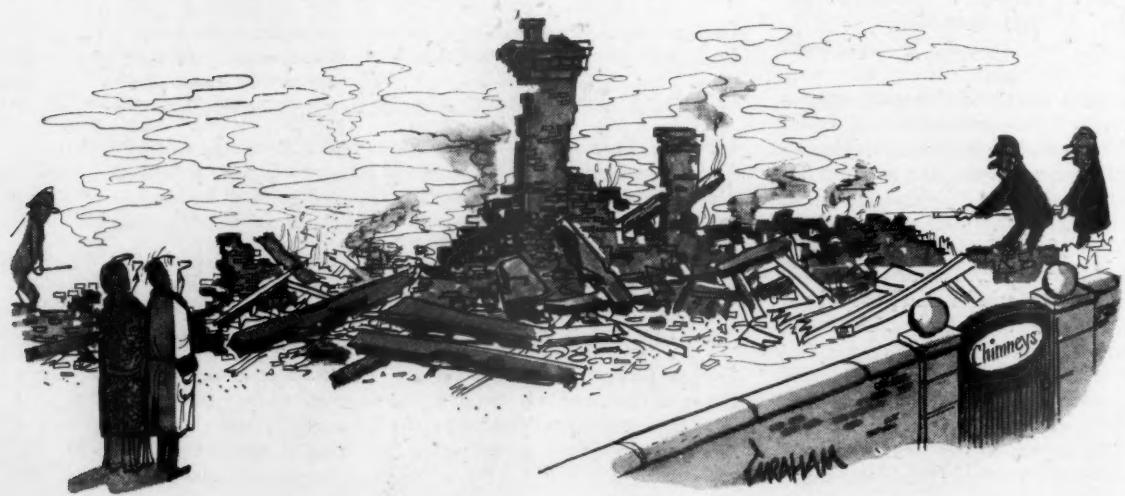
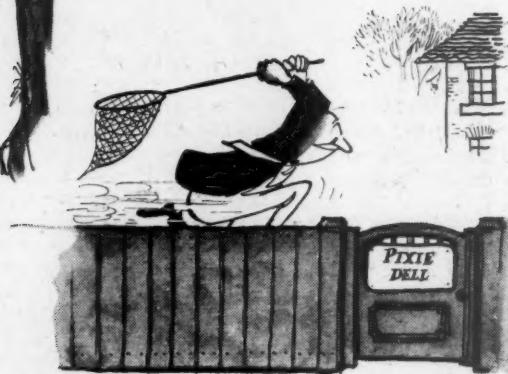
Brother, oh brother, we *like* it Ham. We do not want Real Life.
Plenty of that outside in the rain, and sinks are all too rife.
Give us a romp in lollipop land and a lull in mental strife,
And no more high-toned bellyaches from a sex-starved teenage wife.

— PENELOPE HUNT



CHEZ NOUS

by Graham



In the City



How to Diversify

FEW shares have recently surprised their owners more pleasantly than those of Courtaulds. They used to be regarded as "sound but dull"; for ever full of a promise that never seemed to be quite realized. For this they have recently made amends. At one time last year they were down to 30s. 6d. They are now 72s. The dividend which was cut from 10 to 8 per cent in 1958 crept up to 9½ per cent in 1959 and for the year to March 1960 it was raised decisively to 12½ per cent and the gesture was still further embellished by a scrip bonus of 33½ per cent.

Moreover if we are to believe the chairman, Sir John Hanbury-Williams (and he should know) there is still better to come for the year 1960-61. At the recent annual general meeting he said that the current year is likely to repeat the very satisfactory results achieved last year. In this event the Board would feel able to recommend a still larger dividend. No wonder that the shares shot up from this news.

Courtaulds is one of the names which symbolizes how much Britain has gained over the centuries by being the sanctuary for persecuted minorities. The Courtaulds were Huguenots who came to this country in the seventeenth century and first worked here as gold- and silversmiths. In 1816 Samuel Courtauld set up as a "throwster" (one who throws silk) in Essex. That was the beginning of a business which last year made a profit of over £21 million.

The business owes its size and success to the flair which induced a Courtauld at the beginning of this century to acquire the British rights to the Viscose process for making artificial silk. One can imagine the ribald laughter with which some of his competitors must at the time have greeted the lunacy of the man deciding to make cloth out of wood pulp.

Since the making of man-made fibre is a chemical operation it opened the

door to many ancillary activities, some of them scarcely recognizable as part of the fibre family. Courtaulds may have been a little slow in moving into allied trades, aware of what the chairman recently referred to as "the risk of dispersion of efforts." But it has recently made up all the leeway it may have lost by its slowness from the starting post.

It began its diversification by a vertical extension of its interests in the textile industry, namely by manufacturing its own raw materials and also its own textile machinery.

True diversification began in the 1930s with the manufacture of Cellophane. As logically and inevitably as night follows day there came an extension into the plastics industry which at this moment must be proving extremely profitable. The next jump was into paint. This is a little more difficult to explain but it can be rationalized on the ground that the textile industry needs dyes and

colours. Courtaulds is a vast consumer of many kinds of paints including those resistant to chemicals. Hence the acquisition in 1958 of a small paint company and more recently the "take-over" of Pinchin, Johnson and Associates.

That is the picture which was admirably described by the chairman in arborial terms: "Courtaulds' traditional roots are deep in textiles, but from them has grown a strong main trunk—the manufacture of man-made fibres. To support this, new roots have extended into chemicals and wood pulp and from it many branches have grown. Some of these, like engineering or packaging, have developed to a great strength over the years; others like paint are a more recent growth." The Eastern proverb says that "Trees do not grow to the sky"; but of this particular one it can be confidently predicted that it will grow well beyond its present stature.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

In the Country



The Mills of Man

"**O**NLY twelve windmills still working in England," ended a recent newspaper report—on one of those retirements, demolitions, preservation schemes or what-not that bring windmills into the news almost every week. But the tone suggested sadness, not relief.

Some one hundred and fifty years ago about ten thousand windmills were working. Gradually they had been improved so that the wind turned not only the sails and so the stones but also the whole cap—to meet any change of wind-direction—and even the sack-hoists were powered by the wind. Ironically, these refinements were achieved just when steel and steam were being concerted even more efficiently, so the wind could not compete economically.

There's a lot of sentimentality and headline stuff about windmills. Note how admirably they photograph! But I believe that if people had never seen

or heard of windmills, and a number were built overnight, there would certainly be violent protests about the proliferation of ungainly monsters which spoilt skylines and fitted in with nothing. By contrast, watermills are lowly, modest and retiring: they work at the riverside, half-hidden among the alders and poplars. Certainly I prefer watermills—and that without dragging in such romantic trump-rarities as tide-mills or such attractive accessories as the white-foaming mill-race, trout and dragonflies, water crowfoot and golden irises, grey wagtails and kingfishers.

Windmills tend to be geographically limited: about 80 per cent belong to England's eastern half. And they are relatively parvenu. There is no mention of any windmill until 1191, when the jealous and domineering Abbot Sansom, owner of a watermill monopoly, ordered the destruction of a competing windmill set up by Dean Herbert in Suffolk. No windmill from before the seventeenth century stands in England to-day. Those five thousand-odd Domesday mills were of course watermills—an invention one or two thousand years older than the windmill.

Any special rustic associations of windmill or watermill are recent. There used to be scores of both within two miles of St. Paul's; watermills were even under London Bridge. To this day anyone who noses up the Wandsworth may find himself on the track of old mills (even a water-turned snuff and tobacco mill) on a stream in which Nelson once fished.

— J. D. U. WARD

The Insider

By R. SQUIRE

"SIT down, Mr. Chub. Now tell me why you would like to come here to work for us."

"Because the Labour said you had a good canteen. Go down to Consolidated Spare Parts, they said. Meat dish, fresh fruit, cheese and coffee every day. Seconds *ad lib.* So here I am, though mind you, they had plenty of other vacancies."

"Well, we do have vacancies as it happens, Mr. Chub."

"Screaming down the blower for men, the Labour said you were. Last time you spoke to him you put him off his dinner. All he could eat when he got home that night was a lamb chop."

"All right then, we want arc welders, bench fitters, capstan setters, electricians, progress men and inspectors. Can you do any of those jobs, Mr. Chub?"

"The lot. I was a welder at Prodds' Precision till a new canteen manageress came and did roast beef every day. Variety I must have, so I left. And if you want a good fitter, ask Autoclangers about me. Only they were such an ulcerous lot the sight of all the milk and pills in the canteen put me off my grub. It's the same with any job, you name it, I've been it."

"As a matter of interest, Mr. Chub, don't the unions object to your—er—versatility?"

"See this handful of cards? Nine unions I belong to and not one would lay a hand on me. Know why? I'm too useful. Now take G.O.M.P.O. Who does the ham rolls every Saturday night at the social? Fred Chub! Or there's the U.G.P.U. Who has been Chairman of the U.G.P.U. branch of the Wine

and Food Society this seven years and more? Fred Chub! Or take Central Committee itself then. Who is the special adviser on Canteen Negotiations?"

"Fred Chub. That is, Mr. Chub, why did you leave your last job?"

"Hi Fi Tap and Die? Because they changed their baker. The new man's rolls are vicious."

"I see. Well I think we can find a place for you, Mr. Chub. When can you start?"

"Now let's not rush into things. To be frank, the Labour that sent me doesn't know that the Labour in the next district is after me as well. As a matter of fact their client is offering lunch vouchers. I'll come for a trial dinner in your canteen to-morrow. Then we'll see."



Academic Life in Cuba

At Havana University all degrees are to be awarded by a joint Court of Professors and Students, who are to conduct the examinations. The students attended the first meeting of the Court, bearded, naked to the waist and armed with revolvers.

IN the new academical manner,
Where students like life in the raw,
If you want a D.D. of Havana
You've got to be quick on the draw.

There life for the Regius Professor
Is nasty and brutish and short
And it's best to keep under the dresser
When they're marking the papers in Court.

A man dressed like Lady Godiva
May appear to be winsome and weird,
But it won't be much fun at the Viva
If you're thinking of ploughing a beard.

So they pass all the students by rote at
The rate of five hundred a fling,
And doctors, hon. causa (aegrotat),
Are bursting like buds in the spring.

— CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"Have you got 'Male'?"



AT THE PICTURES

*The Apartment
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

SOME people seem to believe that criticism works backwards from the conscious decision that something has been well done—that the critic thinks "This is good—I must enjoy this." The reverse is the truth, or ought to be. He thinks "I'm enjoying this—it must be good," and then rationalizes. I enjoyed *The Apartment* (Director: Billy Wilder) very much indeed, and though I recognize that one most important reason is the incomparable Shirley MacLaine, I can also see now that the basic strength of this excellent comedy lies in sheer film-making skill. The director collaborated (with I.A.L. Diamond) on the script, and it is the perception and ingenuity with which every moment is made to count that makes the piece continuously (and I mean continuously) entertaining.

A device constantly used is the throw-away reference which is picked up afterwards; what is superficially a quite simple and ordinary act or phenomenon becomes amusing in the light of something we saw but hardly noticed earlier. This is one of the oldest tricks in the game, but very few makers of comedies will take the trouble to use it with such professionalism. Here is a film that is a positive mosaic of these moments: it tells its story straightforwardly and without apparent digression, but not even its briefest connecting passages are less than actively pleasing. Clearing up before leaving the girl alone for a little in his flat, where she has tried to take her own life, the young man carefully shuts a possibly tempting open window, and then thinks it might even be as well to take the blade out of his razor, too. As I say, though this seems a mildly amusing little touch for the moment, we hardly notice it. Then some time afterwards, starting a hasty shave, he lathers his face . . . and the laugh begins even before he has begun to

draw the useless razor down his cheek. I'm not suggesting this is a *big* laugh, though the film is full of them; I mean it is typical of the way the very fabric of the whole thing is brightened and made interesting.

Odd that a story in essentials so unedifying turns out to be so attractive. The hero (Jack Lemmon), a clerk in a huge New York insurance company, lives in a bachelor apartment which he has gradually got into the way of lending for a few hours at a time to certain of his superiors in the firm when they want somewhere for illicit lovemaking. In return, he gets promotion, which though largely meaningless means much to him, and at last he is assistant to the personnel manager (Fred MacMurray). Shirley MacLaine is the lift girl, whom the young man loves; and the climax comes when, discovering that it is she his boss means to take to the apartment, he abandons not only all chance of further promotion but the job itself, rather than lend his key again.

The stars are all good and there are excellent bit-players, but it's the detail, I insist, that keeps one watching with enjoyment for two hours—and even then wishing the picture would go on. It has been worked out with the utmost skill, care and perception, and as a result is intensely enjoyable. I wonder how many British comedies have been spoilt by the director's or the scriptwriter's spoken or unspoken thought "Oh, that'll do—they won't notice." Some of us do notice—and to go on aiming only at those who don't is to pour still more of the diminishing film audience down the drain.

They quote Mark Twain's warning about *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (Director: Michael Curtiz): "Persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot"—which puts James Lee, the scriptwriter, in danger, for by dwelling on the characters of the "King" and the "Duke" and by various other changes of emphasis and omission he has found much more



Fran Kubelik—SHIRLEY MACLAINE

[*The Apartment*]

H. M. BROCK

WE record with regret the death of H. M. Brock, who was a prolific contributor of drawings to *Punch* between 1905 and 1940. He was eighty-five.



"I should imagine this is where they practise the Hammer Throw".

of a plot in it than the author ever provided. It comes over quite well, corny but effective, visually pleasing (CinemaScope, Metrocolor; Ted McCord), and from time to time touching the genuine mood: an entertaining enough boyish adventure in the Disney manner, not much more.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Most notable new one is *The Entertainer*—review next week. *Inherit the Wind* (20/7/60) and *Black Orpheus* (8/6/60) continue, and *Sons and Lovers* (6/7/60) is back in London, and the absurdly titled *Village of the Damned* (29/6/60).

No new releases to recommend. Don't overlook the earlier one *The Last Voyage* (18/5/60—91 mins.).

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Mind that Child

WHATEVER the effect of the recommendations contained in the report by the joint BBC and ITA committee on children and television

(absolutely none, is my guess), I will stand by my opinion that the trouble lies as much in quantity as in quality. Whether we are dealing with men, women, children or babes in arms the plain fact of the matter is that there is too much television, and Evolution has not yet provided us with an adequate compensatory defence mechanism. To argue that a fair proportion of programmes reaches a high standard is to argue on safe ground, but it is begging the question. So long as there is entertainment on tap in the sitting-room from lunch-time to midnight the nation must face the possibility of being rendered flabby in the muscles, weak in the eyes, round in the shoulders and soft in the head—sitting ducks, in fact, for the twittering, drooling barrage of cynical lies and muck flung in the form of commercials at anyone who dares to go exploring in Channel 9. The extension of leisure-time forced upon us by bloodless revolution over the past fifteen years is a splendid thing in principle, and I would be the last to suggest that there should be any direction as to how it should be spent; at the same time, I hope I am neither the first nor the last to pray that those teeming thousands who sit day

after day sucking in great draughts of telly willy-nilly, dazed and gaping or doped or left for dead, may find a lasting cure for their malady (phone Telemaniacs Anonymous at the first sign of a craving for "Rawhide"?), and may learn in time to impress upon their children that life holds more wonder than is to be experienced by the endless contemplation of imitation nineteenth-century psychopaths gouging one another's eyes out in Deadman's Gulch. The desirable thing is not that youngsters should be protected by the television planners from being exposed to undesirable sights and sounds whenever, in all innocence, they elect to watch an adult programme: the desirable thing is rather that parents, by example, should encourage them to consider the delights and benefits of selective viewing—which are very considerable indeed.

Nobody but the most strenuously committed bigot could deny that certain programmes are decked out with casually mass-produced brutality or dubious jokes of the dreariest kind, but we must remember that while competition is so desperate there must inevitably be a pandering to the tastes of the viewing majority, and if market researches insist that the viewing majority is principally composed of shambling throwbacks from Palæanthropic man (*Homo neanderthalensis*, or perhaps *Homo soloensis*), there doesn't see to be much we can do about it: for who, in this age of progress and enlightenment, is going to be first to cast a stone at a market researcher?

In the meantime, get those kids out of here while I giggle myself sick at Ken Dodd's schoolboy smut.

In a column headed *TV Tonight*, on the day when Harold Pinter's play *Night School* was to be presented, there appeared in a London evening newspaper a photograph of an actress, with the caption "Vivien Merchant will play the dual role of teacher and club hostess." Since there was very little in the play itself to bewilder or dismay those viewers who had on previous occasions found Pinter's subtle fancies too obscure for them I thought it a pity that this misleading caption should have been allowed to escape and do its work of confusion. For in fact Miss Merchant played only one role—and played it extremely well. For those who believe everything they read in the newspapers the evening must have been baffling indeed. ("That Pinter chap, he's a bit too deep for me.") Belatedly I give thanks to A-R for commissioning this play, a sharp yet sentimental little tale made marvellous by Pinter's loving observation and ingeniously simple verbal surprises; to Joan Kemp-Welch for casting and producing it flawlessly; to Iris Vandeleur, Milo O'Shea, Vivien Merchant, Jane Eccles and Martin Miller for playing the main parts as though they had lived them all their lives; and to Mr. Pinter for bringing fresh hope that television as well as the theatre may be allowed to benefit from the exciting new developments in English playwriting.

— HENRY TURTON

BOOKING OFFICE

CERTAIN OF YOUR OWN POETS

By PETER DICKINSON

Homage to Clio. W. H. Auden. Faber, 12/6
Sons Men are Brothers. D. J. Enright.
Chatto and Windus, 10/6
The World I See. Patric Dickinson.
Chatto and Windus, 10/6
A Common Grace. Norman MacCaig.
Chatto and Windus, 10/6
The Solitudes. Ronald Duncan. Faber, 12/6
The Collected Poems of Andrew Young.
Hart-Davis, 25/-

THERE are echoes of Wordsworth's life in Auden's: craggy features; reverence for things as such; membership of a revolutionary coterie in youth; experiments with common language; above all, the rare alliance of power and intelligence; and then the gradual nicening; the gift consumed in ornamenting trivial happenings and conservative thoughts.

It would be absurd to maintain that *Homage to Clio* is a bad book. For one thing it is most enjoyable to read, intelligent, discursive, seldom difficult, but reflective, melancholy and humorous all at once. And that is probably all the writer was trying to produce. Yet it will seem a sadly empty book to those who believe Auden is a poet our language can be proud of. Usually in his other volumes, between the pranks and the meanderings, there were at least a couple, probably a dozen, poems that seemed imperative—mind and passion disciplined to a clean unit. I can find none such here, only a lot of poems to like.

D. J. Enright is attempting some of the things one feels Auden ought to be doing, sometimes in almost the same voice:

"And when we have beaten him,
 Have beaten the devil?—
 Our ten toughened trigger-fingers
 Unfit for the fiddle,
 Perusing the Wits with stiff upper
 lips

And eyeing our friends as if they
 were targets . . ."

But with Enright one isn't quite sure whether the absurdity of ten trigger-fingers is an intentional joke or a lapse caused by his trying to get too much in, which would be typical. The book is in four sections, "Siam," "Berlin," "Japan," and "Displaced."

I thought the Japanese section the best, with the enormously stimulating material that country provides far better digested than it was in *Bread Rather than Blossoms*.

Patric Dickinson's new collection is very good indeed. There seems to be far more to it than there was to *The Scale of Things*. The first half is general, about love and atom bombs and spring and such; and the second is all poems from Cumberland. He has the ability to make intense the relation between his own thought or feeling and the natural objects he sees without ever reading into them more than he has put there; no pathetic fallacy. However easily any line may flow, every comma has clearly been thought about. The poems are short for the most part, and sing along even when stuffed with thought.

Norman MacCaig is another looker at things; though his perceptions are as acute his stare seems less intense, more

PRESENTING THE CRITICS



18—T. C. WORSLEY
 Theatre, Financial Times

detached and amused. One finds oneself laughing with pleasure over a squat, ugly jug containing flowers "Like a wild vice in the bosom of Mrs. Grundy." There is more to him than that, and he writes mostly in rhythmic, rhyming lines, occasionally allowing them to collapse for a purpose (more often than is wise, perhaps).

The Solitudes is a sequence of twenty-seven love poems, varying wildly in quality. Some are made excellent by an intense, almost painful, self-awareness; a few are too ordinary or trivial to be believed; but mostly they seem to spring from a strong and original idea and then are spoilt or damaged by slack phrasing or lack of selection. The book is filled out with a few less striking but pleasant poems.

Andrew Young's cold, clear, marvellous nature poems have been collected into a very pretty book, with engravings by Joan Hassall. They are so precisely themselves that there is little one can say about them, except that they are good.

NEW FICTION

Men Die. H. L. Humes. Heinemann, 15/-
When the Green Woods Laugh. H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph, 12/6
A Glass of Red Wine. Miles Tripp. Macdonald, 15/6
Shadows on the Wall. Joan O'Donovan. Gollancz, 16/-

Not having read H. L. Humes's *The Underground City* but understanding that it was quite something, I approached his second novel *Men Die* with a respect that, alas, degenerated into irritated irreverence. But there; this short, technically adventurous book leaves a sharp impression which may be quite a different one on other minds and moods.

Set in 1941 on a tiny Caribbean island being converted into an ammunition store for the war that may never happen, the story starts with the dreaded explosion and then goes back and forth among the lives and thoughts of the young surviving lieutenant and his two dead superiors. This dodging about—easy and quite fun to follow—could be called a depth-giving device, but it also adds pretension, emotionalism, the qualities American war writers should be wary of. And any writer should be very wary of bringing in a character like the Commander's beautiful widow, as neurotically egotistical a sex-bore as ever had her soliloquies printed in a kind of free verse. The young lieutenant, rescued by war's outbreak from her clutches, makes a likeable commonsense pivot to the goings on.

In *When the Green Woods Laugh* H. E. Bates has his third and final fling with the Larkins, those roaring creatures of appetite who burst upon us in *The Darling Buds*



of May. If you thought that to be a gloriously necessary book distilled from the collective boil-over against the mean safeties of a zealous social structure underlaid with puritanism, then once more you will revel. But, possibly, more palely; the gallant house-guest striving to keep up with the rum and roast lamb and fun but beginning to feel ever so slightly sick. Wisely Mr. Bates keeps it slight, recounting at hardly novel-length how Pop gets the better of a townee land-buyer and his prissy wife; but perhaps a theme so didactic should not have got beyond a single volume.

Miles Tripp is modestly establishing himself as a writer whose stories move fast and bring people alive implicitly through behaviour. Martin Fisher, the hero who narrates *A Glass of Red Wine*, is a good example of this talent; by the end of the book, which has the delightfully fresh setting of middle-class life in a Paris suburb as seen by a resident Englishman, there isn't much we don't know about Martin—his dress-designing skills, past marriage troubles, charm, complaisance—but it has come out in an exciting tale where the police and the mystery never get the upper hand of the Beaujolais, the café chess and the allotments.

Shadows on the Wall must be the first collection of short stories that I have ever read completely and all at once. Usually in reviewing I think of The Short Story as (like the musical spot stuck in the middle of wireless comedy) something it is our lot to endure in order that we may appreciate other things the better. But Joan O'Donovan is different. By involving us so immediately, by conveying so splendidly the looks and characters and predicaments of each new group, by illuminating them and then whisking them away to leave us satisfied but not sated, she works the most difficult of literary magics. Her special gift for mother-and-child relationships makes *Today at her Residence*, a study of a novelist-mother blowing hot and cold, a real horror piece.

— ANGELA MILNE

SELF-MADE CONNOISSEUR

Confessions of an Art Addict. Peggy Guggenheim. Deutsch, 21/-

Peggy Guggenheim's two grandfathers were both impoverished Jewish emigrants to the United States; and each made a fortune. She was brought up in rich but infinitely depressing surroundings. When

she acquired the money she was to inherit on coming of age she began to find her feet and discover her true tastes. These led to American expatriate society in Paris and Modern Art. In the Temple of Modern Art she was in due course to become, if not the Vestal Virgin, at least a very prominent Priestess. There were various husbands, including the American writer, Laurence Vail, and the German surrealist painter, Max Ernst; together with other unions chronicled from time to time throughout the book, which is a bowdlerized version of some earlier memoirs which were never published in this country. Miss Guggenheim writes with breathless energy and complete lack of self-consciousness. It is clear that husbands and others sometimes found her a bore, and that her love of art is of that curiously unintellectual sort which seems chiefly a means of absorbing personal energy and a large fortune. At the same time the reader feels that her enthusiasms, whether for art or husbands, are genuine; and that she has been an encouragement to the former if not to the latter. Surely a great opportunity for a genuinely original piece of action painting was missed in the anecdote Miss Guggenheim recounts when Jackson Pollock entered the party given by the late Jean Connolly.

— ANTHONY POWELL

AFRICA WEST AND EAST

Twin Brother Hell. Richard Sellier. Hutchinson, 21/-
A New Earth. Elspeth Huxley. Chatto and Windus, 30/-

Coasters—the West Africa traders without whom Ghana would not exist to-day—form a rather special community, apart both from the administrators and from African society. As Richard Sellier describes it, it is not a very attractive community, being all too defenceless against the onslaughts of whisky, women (or, *mutatis mutandis*, men) and poker. Materially, West Africans owe it much; morally, a great deal less.

Richard Sellier is, technically, a trader. He went to Ghana first in 1945, and against all the odds established a big saw-mill in the Ashanti forest. He never became a real coaster; he was the onlooker who saw most of the game. Primarily his book is the story of the mill, but it is also a remarkably vivid, racy account of the transformation of the Gold Coast into Ghana. I can't remember that that story has been told before from the trader's view-

point, and Mr. Sellier's dispassionate and sympathetic narrative is an admirable perspective-restorer.

It is Mrs. Huxley's great gift to make us see. Unfailingly she picks just the right detail to describe, and just the right words to describe it. ("Raw earth shows through like hunks of meat on a butcher's slab. Here and there a tall scarlet flower, *Econopsis*, flares boldly from the khaki glades. We came to bracken, and herds of skinny cattle browsing. . .") The sheer technical skill that made *The Flame Trees of Thika* so entrancing, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* so disturbing, here endows with an unexpected colour and sympathy what in other hands might have been just a study for the specialist. *A New Earth* is about settlers in Kenya—not the British settlers of *The Flame Trees* but Africans on small holdings carved from bush or reclaimed land and cultivated for the first time. It is about enclosure and consolidation, irrigation and terracing and grazing control and Better Farmers; and sometimes about ignorance and stubbornness and political sabotage. Over it all she suspends one huge question-mark. What will happen when the European's guiding hand is removed?

— PETER SUFFOLK

CREATIVE SPECTATOR

A Bundle of Sensations. Goronwy Rees. Chatto and Windus, 21/-

Mr. Goronwy Rees suggests, rather doubtfully, that man has no continuing personality but is just the receiver of multifarious impressions. He therefore omits any autobiographical framework and presents himself in a series of detached reminiscences. His *Who's Who* entry reveals that his activities have been wildly miscellaneous; but he shows us only the minister's son reading furiously in Aberystwyth: the Oxford left-winger feeling he is missing history because the holiday tutoring job is among fanatical Junkers rather than among the cabarets of Berlin: the latrine-cleaning private: the official observer of the Dieppe raid: the compassionate high official of the Control Commission, living now amid rubble, now amid fantastic luxury: and, finally, the fascinated spectator of the life of a public ward in which he spent three months after being run over. Like some highbrow Bruce Lockhart he describes low-life and high-life with equal gusto in prose that is



HARGREAVES.

variously witty and unexpected. This is an entertaining, instructive and agreeably baffling book.

— R. G. G. PRICE

STAR-CROSSED PLAYWRIGHT

The Curse of the Misbegotten. A Tale of the House of O'Neill. Croswell Bowen. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 25/-

Eugene O'Neill wrote half a dozen plays that are masterpieces of the theatre, and throughout his life was haunted by the idea of fate dogging a family from generation to generation. His own family seems to have been cursed with an apparently total inability to sustain a parent-child relationship. His father was an actor who destroyed himself playing in a worthless popular success; his mother became a dope addict; his elder brother drank himself to death. O'Neill himself abandoned his first wife and son, and later abandoned his second wife and remaining children. He wrote to them frequently, imploring them not to forget him, and for years made no attempt to see them at all.

The first part of Mr. Bowen's "Tale of the House of O'Neill" is by far the best. He had industriously sought out dozens of the people who knew O'Neill and he arranges what might have become an effective psychological portrait. Unfortunately, he has been assisted by O'Neill's surviving son Shane, and from the late 'twenties onwards the book becomes increasingly based on the son's impressions of his father—and on the son's impressions generally. After his return to America for *Mourning Becomes Electra*, O'Neill gradually floats away from Mr. Bowen and we are left with little more than a series of descriptions of homes and journeys.

O'Neill once said "Life is a tragedy. Hurrah!" The history of the family is fascinating, but at the end we do not understand the infatuation with oblivion that impelled him to make remarks like this.

— JEREMY KINGSTON

FRYING-PAN INTO FIRE

Gentlemen Convicts. François Poli. Translated from the French by Naomi Walford. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 15/-

Earlier in the year we had M. Bourdet-Pleville giving us a factual account of convicts who escaped from the horrors of Guyana to the nearby leper colony by simulating leprosy, and now here is M. Poli telling the same story in terms of

fiction. Or should one say that it is fictionalized? This is set down as the actual story of Pedro Martagas, who has become a rich and influential man in Batista's Cuba, and for some reason has told M. Poli about his past. Martagas killed a girl in France, was sentenced to eight years at the penal settlement in Guyana, got to the Ile Saint-Louis by pretending to have leprosy and escaped on a home-made raft. Thereafter he became orchid hunter (the dried bulbs are sent to Europe, and bring in a small fortune if

they flower again), diamond prospector and smuggler, and successful searcher for buried treasure. The descriptions of treasure-hunt diving (attacks from sharks and octopods), of diamond prospecting near Ciudad Bolivar, and of the lepers' death-like serenity, are most vivid. Perhaps one shouldn't worry about their accuracy. But since there are a good many footnotes, there should have been room for one more telling us what happened to Martagas and his ex-convict friends after Castro came to power in Cuba.

— JULIAN SYMONS

CREDIT BALANCE

Brideshead Revisited. Evelyn Waugh. *Chapman and Hall*, 18/-. Reviewed, revised, reissued, Mr. Waugh's most popular novel appears again with small additions and some of the more embarrassing bits cut out, the author having noticed that the English aristocracy and their country houses survived the war in better condition than he had foreseen, and having honestly acknowledged that much of the story, especially in its original form, is "a panegyric preached over an empty coffin."

The Caretaker. Harold Pinter. *Methuen*, 3/6. This new edition confirms that Methuen's are about the most go-ahead play-publishers to-day, and this fine, funny, pathetic, interesting play is a most worthwhile addition to their list.

Is There an American in the House? David Cott. *The Macmillan Company*, New York and London, 18/-. A reasonable and faithful American liberal's well-documented essays complaining about some deleterious modern influences on his

country which include, in his opinion, pseudo-sophistication, irresponsible gossip, dishonest advertising, soil pollution, badly designed highways and automobiles, and book clubs.

Catalogue of the Constable Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Graham Reynolds. *H.M.S.O.*, £6/6/0. This magnificent volume contains reproductions of every one of the pictures in the V. & A.'s Constable collection, with a knowledgeable discussion on each and relevant biographical notes. Indispensable to art-lovers.

With Dearest Love to All. The Life and Letters of Lady Jebb. Mary Reed Bobbitt. *Faber*, 25/-. Not one of the world's great letter-writers, but lively, forthright and prickly. Pennsylvanian belle, Civil War general's widow, then member of Darwin and Balfour circles in Cambridge and wife of the Greek scholar Jebb, "Aunt Cara" of Gwen Raverat's *Period Piece*. Long, grim University dinner-parties; how on earth did dons get time to read?



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

*What is the Matter with Men?*1 : *Saints*

THE trouble with saints, from the woman's point of view, is that they don't bother.

They don't, for example, bother over their appearance. Once a woman has got the beatnikerie out of her system early on, she expects her escorts to look, in an unobtrusive sort of way, as though they have worked on themselves. She expects them to be brushed, pressed, creased, polished, combed, shaved, bathed and smelling faintly of some exalted toilet lotion. Thus, sandals and a loin-cloth simply won't do, still less a hair-shirt which has not been changed for weeks. Legs must be covered (but not in baggy trousers, worn shiny at the knees), and shirts, however mortifying, must be well laundered. Nor, on the whole, do peas in the shoes, iron spikes, extreme emaciation, or wild, rolling eyes appeal to women as adjuncts to an evening out. It makes them feel conspicuous.

Saints also refuse to bother over food. I can think of nothing so sad as to be taken to some vastly expensive restaurant where food is thoroughly understood, and to find my companion insisting on a dish of lentils or worse, merely asking to be given any odd scraps they happen to have handy. The waiters don't like it, and it makes me feel greedy. The appearance of the wine-list creates a whole mountain of difficulties to be overcome, for saints are morbidly nervous of pampering the flesh, and would really much prefer water, preferably brackish. The only possible gambit is to point out to your saint that if he

abstains while you are briskly tippling away he is almost certain to feel superior to you and thus fall into the deadly sin of pride. Shocked at this, your saint will apply himself humbly to the bottle, but you must still keep an eye on him. For if he has been, as the best saints are, in a thoroughly fasting condition for weeks beforehand, alcohol will strike his brain with the force of a brick going through a window, and anything may happen, from the wholesale conversion of the Top People at the next table to a projection of the Devil in the form of a magnum of champagne.

Another thing that riles me about saints, in fact *the* thing, is that they don't bother about women. Not all of them say such nasty things about us as St. John Chrysostom, of course, and not all of them are as suspicious of our motives as St. Jerome. In fact some of them are perfect puppets where women are concerned, which is just, darn it, where they have us. They would, without the slightest hesitation, give us their last crust (as if we would want anything so fattening!). But what makes saints such a bad risk, so little worthy of the hard spade-work we unstintingly put in on a really promising man, is that they have this curious air of detachment. Baffling as it is, the poor darlings simply fail to find women the most exciting, interesting, absorbing, amusing, time-consuming, money-devouring, delightful occupation in the world. There's nothing we can do about it, I suppose, except pity them and accept the situation.

The strange quirk in their nature

becomes perfectly obvious when you reflect on the saintly enthusiasm for going away to live as hermits in caves and woods and deserts, with no female company at all. This has always seemed to me a mistake, for a woman with a real taste for the simple life could make an idyllic existence for two. It would be the greatest fun. While hubby was out praying she would be busy about the cave, dusting the rocks, sweeping the floor, and patching up goat-skins, and they might even keep a few pets of the kind Miss Helen Waddell describes in *The Desert Fathers*, say a couple of lions and a jackal. Given a few herbs, a well, and a penknife with a blade for taking thorns out of lions' paws, I can't imagine anything so gay and different. After a while little hermits would come along and . . . but no, perhaps that's not such a good idea. One would have to send them away to school, and it would be traumatic for the nippers on Parents' Days. But there's the germ of a good idea there somewhere.

Conversationally I have always found saints a disappointment. They have little or no small talk, are given to silence, and are bad at jargon (except for theological jargon). A trait I particularly dislike is the way, when one is enjoyably ripping some contemporary reputation to shreds, they smile seraphically and hunt for some minor virtue they can extol. They are bad at gossip, worse at scandal, and entirely incompetent at slander.

One way and another, women must be excused for regarding saints as something of a threat to the world as they know and like it. Confronted by saint's I find myself behaving as defensively as teachers, magistrates, judges and policemen when dealing with the refractory, and using that tired old argument "Suppose everybody did it!" But as is usual in these cases, the danger is remote.

— MONICA FURLONG

Next Week : Sinners

Fair Warning

MY intuition tells me where
And when and why and who;
In circumstances strange and rare
It shows me what to do;

And when I'm really on the spot
And make a wrong decision,
My intuition warns me not
To mention intuition.

— HAZEL TOWNSON

Productio ad Absurdum

FOR the past few years I'd been too busy conceiving, having and rearing them to wonder much whether they all knew what they should. Although you wouldn't have thought it possible to miss it, would you, what with the way I'd been going on?

So I asked our doctor's advice about it when he called to have a look at my latest. (I need hardly add that it was chicken-pox—it always seems to be that in our family.)

"Well now, how many to date?" he asked.

I paused, checking. "Five—oh! and the baby of course."

He nodded, drily. I can't think why, but he always seems to be amused by my fecundity. I'm not.

"Of course. That makes six, really, doesn't it?"

"But the baby's too young to bother yet. Not," I added defensively, "not that any of them seem bothered, not that I can see."

"Now then, the question is—how much do they know?"

"Everything, I should think. It's what they don't know that worries me. And somehow I'm always so busy that we don't seem to have much time for—well, you know, talks and things at bedtime—there's too many of them to put to bed and—oh! well, I just thought I ought to do something about it. Just in case." I felt very inadequate as a mother.

He patted my shoulder understandingly.

"I know. What you want are some booklets, something simple that you can leave lying around and discuss when the time comes. That the idea?"

"Oh, rather!" I replied in relief. By all means let someone else do the hard work for a change.

"Well," he looked at his watch. "I must be on my way. I'll look you out something suitable."

He paused to shake hands at the door.

"Feeling O.K. yourself?"

I blushed. "I was sick early this morning," I confessed.

He closed his eyes respectfully.

"Better let me know in a week or so," he said as he put his hat on. Then added: "Your husband all right?"—rather unnecessarily, I thought.

I sighed. "Quite. Goodbye, then, and thanks."

What with the chicken-pox (three of them caught it but not, of course, at the same time) and not feeling at my

best, the huge plain envelope lay around unopened for some time.

Then we had a go at it one evening when the family were all in bed.

"I say!" whistled my husband.

The booklets must have thought that we were running a large co-ed school that included all ages. (One can hardly blame them, I suppose.) There were essays on absolutely everything. My husband and I came to the conclusion that we had both led very sheltered lives.

"I do wish I'd gone to boarding-school!" I murmured regretfully, closing "Everyday Deviations and How To Deal With Them."

Finally we sat back, sated with our new knowledge.

"All I can say is the Do-It-Yourself movement knows no bounds," he chuckled.

"No need to be coarse," I replied shortly and we wearyingly tumbled the lot back into the desk along with the bills and the medical cards and the school

reports and the Post Office savings bank box.

The family went on being incurious, appeared to have no problems and seemed to know quite as much as I did about the arrival of our seventh.

I quite forgot to leave the helpful literature about—anway, there was always too much lying around as it was.

As I discovered later the family read the lot and were just as interested as we had been, but didn't seem to think the matter worth further comment or query.

Afterwards, when there was more time, I attempted to do my proper parental duty by my youngest, who was then six. We had a "little" talk that went swimmingly.

"Oh! that!" he remarked absent-mindedly. "Like in those funny books in your desk, you mean? Yes, but what I *really* want to know is this." He turned to me eagerly.

I held my breath and tried to remember everything that I'd read in those booklets. "Yes?" I said warily.

"It's this—why can't you *see* the wind?"

That's what I want to know too.

— HILARY HAYWOOD



"You'll just have to wait for the hunting season like everyone else."

Toby Competitions

No. 125—Familiar Lines

THE first tramway in England was formally opened (at Birkenhead) a hundred years ago, on August 30, 1860. Write a piece of occasional verse—it was popular at this period—celebrating the event. Limit, 14 lines.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by first post on Wednesday, August 10.** Address to **TOBY COMPETITION NO. 125, PUNCH, 10 BOUVIERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.**

Report on Competition No. 122 (Calculated Risk)

Proposals for insurance against risks not yet covered were requested. Entries ranged over a wide field: income tax evasion, visits of unwanted relatives, change of sex, space travel and football pool complications. The conclusion reached is that the insurance market already covers most reasonable contingencies.

The winner, by a short head, is:

H. M. COATSWORTH
BENRIDGE HALL
PONTELAND
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

. . . will indemnify the Insured against all sums which the Insured shall be deemed legally liable to pay in the event of bodily injury to any person and direct damage to property, consequent upon riots in the event of the West Indian fast bowler having delivered the last ball of the fifth Test Match in the West Indies in which M.C.C. need one run to win, and such ball, having struck the stumps, being "no-balled" simultaneously by both umpires for dragging and throwing, the M.C.C. thereby winning the match, and the series, by one wicket.

The following receive book tokens:

This policy witnesseth that if at any time during the Period of Insurance, James Archibald St. John Fishnet, at present an official junior in rank to the Insured, shall be promoted over the head of the Insured the Company shall pay to the Insured each month a sum equal to the salary he would have received at such time until he reach the age of sixty and then a sum equal to the pension he would have drawn in order that the Insured shall not suffer the indignity of having to work under an erstwhile junior.

Tom Hill, 84 Kennedy Road, Southampton.

A Policy for a sum not exceeding

£100,000 to cover the risk of successfully defending an action in the Courts brought by a legally aided plaintiff who cannot provide one penny towards the costs awarded against him (or her).

Stanley Ridge, 7 Christchurch Road, Sidcup, Kent

This policy covers the assured for the following hazards on the occasion of a Fathers' Match:

£50 for omitting to pack white socks and being obliged to play in the loud colours usually affected by the assured.

£75 for being out first ball while attempting a frenzied slash over the pavilion.

£100 should any unthinking action of the assured cause the customary round of suppressed laughter among his son's friends.

£150 in the event of the remarks "precocious lout" or "officious little horror" being addressed to the father of the boy referred to.

£200 should the assured be unable to avoid catching his son out, thus suffering the prolonged domestic coldness and obloquy generated by his wife and daughter.

G. Hamill, Woodbine Farm, Broxted, Dunmow, Essex

The Company will indemnify the insured as follows: In the event of the insured being discovered in evasion of Income Taxes in force from time to time

- To pay all reasonable costs of legal and professional assistance up to a maximum of £500.
- To provide the sum of £10 per week to the dependants of the insured during any term of imprisonment which might be incurred, up to a maximum of five years.
- To pay the cost of air travel (one-way) on any recognized civil air line to any destination (world-wide) for the insured and members of his immediate family.

The Company shall not be liable for payment of any Taxes or penalties.

M. W. Burns, 5 Brampton Grove, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Whereas the Assured has represented to the company that he is an inveterate golfer every weekday but that on Sunday when he regularly attends Divine Service in his Parish Church he is invariably overcome by somnolence during the sermon, the said company undertake that if in the course of any such sermon the Assured should shout "Fore!" or in a loud voice call for alcoholic refreshment they will indemnify the Assured in respect of his legal expenses incurred in any prosecution brought by the churchwardens.

W. J. Eady, 39 Heathfield Road, Seaford, Sussex



Little Minister

"Domestic Help required for family. Boy 10, Diplomat in New York."

Daily Telegraph Advertisement



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